ESTE

DUBLIN'S TOP 10 DRUGS EVER

ISSUE No.23
APRIL 2003
FREE.

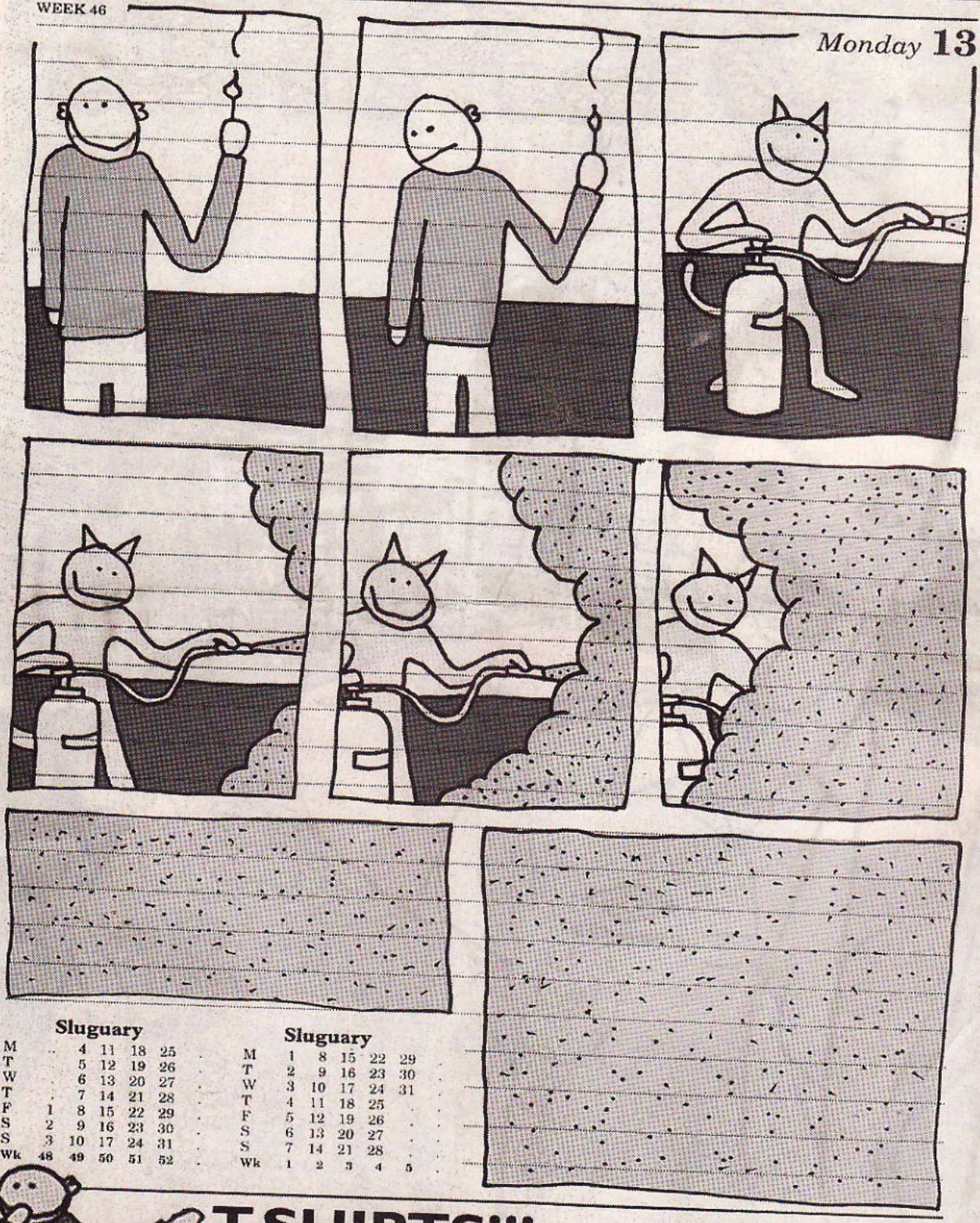
ALSO: RACIST JUDGES' VOX POP ... CLUBBING BANNED ON SUNDAYS ... NO DISCO GETS THE CHOP ... FIANNA FAIL'S CANNABIS COUNCILLOR

kick the cat

gav beattie

WEEK 46

Monday **13**

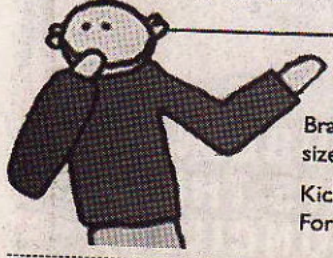


Sluguary

M		4	11	18	25	
T		5	12	19	26	
W		6	13	20	27	
T		7	14	21	28	
F	1	8	15	22	29	
S	2	9	16	23	30	
S	3	10	17	24	31	
Wk	48	49	50	51	52	

Sluguary

M	1	8	15	22	29	
T	2	9	16	23	30	
W	3	10	17	24	31	
T	4	11	18	25		
F	5	12	19	26		
S	6	13	20	27		
S	7	14	21	28		
Wk	1	2	3	4	5	



T-SHIRTS!!!

Brand spanking new and lukewarm off the press these 'tractive garments come in a variety of shapes sizes colours and smells. Email gavbeattie@bigifpublications.com or see ad in the Slate for details...

Kick the Cat also appears in Toenail Clippings, a pure rapid comic that you can get in Tower, Forbidden Planet, Sub City, Secret Book & Record Store or online at **www.bigifpublications.com**

The DJ didn't know whether to take it as a compliment when Samantha scratched her arse on his brick booth . . .

. . . but thenanother 15 punters did the same thing, and he began to have his doubts

Lo and behold, Rod's arse had produced the nation's first stool-shaped stool.

Podge pauses during his 'breakdance' routine to smoke a ciggarette butt he has found on the floor.

As soon as the US agents spotted Dennis and Hamlet, they knew they had two perfect human shields on their hands

Stan had to doubt his friends when yet again they drugged him and took his mickey out in a club.

Issue No. 23 April 2020

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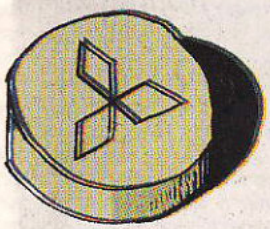

A haphazard history of the 10 most dangerous, disgusting and enjoyable drugs to have hit Dublin in the last decade and a half - plus a rundown of the shittest ones. We guarantee you will want to go and fuck yourself up after reading this

Judges' Vox Pop ...11

We ask the wisest men in Ireland which ethnic minority they hate the most

Cloning Board Game ...17

After the roaring success of our last game, we are now giving you the opportunity to take over the world

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It didn't matter where they performed it - Barry and Sarah's Walrus mating dance always went down a storm

Price hike: Rip-off alert

Due to An Post hiking up their postal rates at Christmas, we are raising our subscription prices accordingly. The reason for us not implementing this until now is that we were too busy watching Sky News all day, and also that we were too lazy. We couldn't be bothered ringing the post office to find out their new tariffs. We still haven't got on to them, so we're going to raise our fee arbitrarily and hope for the best. Anybody with complaints can address them to Saddam Hussein.

The new prices are as follows: Ireland €23, Europe €28, and everywhere else €33

Send a cheque or a postal order with your name and address to The Slate, PO Box 8907, Dublin 2. Give us your email address in case there are any problems. Email admin@theslate.ie for further info.

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Local News

Shakey Shakes and da Funky Bunch

AVOID THE Helix at all costs this month, where an atrocious Vanilla Ice meets Shakespeare attempt at making education cool is taking place. The 'Bombitty of Errors' - as it is known - has been greeted enthusiastically by lots of over-50s who think it will convert Ireland's aerosol-loving teenagers into a generation of silver-tongued poets. "Fusing the Bard's love of word-play with the streetwise language of rap," was the start of one misguided review. However, if Shakespeare was to come back from the dead and watch this show, the pathetic title alone would surely have him reaching for Hamlet's blood-soaked sword and stabbing these MTV swine in the Jap's Eye.

Object of scorn

AS PREDICTED by The Slate's business pages not so long ago, Objecthaus on George's St. has crashed and burned in a blaze of yuppie humiliation. This shop opened about a year ago as an outlet for wealthy IT professionals who needed to furnish their homes with as many stupid-looking useless objects as possible. Unfortunately, all of these assholes lost their jobs just as the shop was getting going and - with our sharp commercial acumen - we saw its downfall coming a mile away.

AFTER YEARS of gazing grandly out upon passing Dubliners, the amazing hand-woven portrait of our great stateswoman Mary Robinson still remains unclaimed. What is wrong with the people that they cannot recognise this momentous work of art? Situated in the heart of the most fashionable part of the city on Dame St., it features Mrs Robinson in her moment of glory, fixing the passer-by with a triumphant, cross-eyed stare. She is attired in a striking pink jacket which bathes her in such a glorious light that it is hard to look directly at this piece. But it has

still not found a home, and has forlornly been on sale for over ten years now. This is a disgrace. The Slate is offering to pay a princely 5% of the asking price to anybody who feels they have a wall worthy of this landmark picture.

Time up for the Thomas House

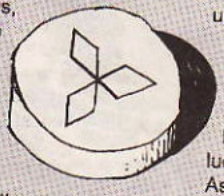
Some chap DJing in the old kip

THE THOMAS House - once home to some of the maddest nights in Dublin - is to close next month. The TH enjoyed a brief golden era which was characterised by nights like Thomas the Skank Engine packing the place out with fairly insane types who would leap around the furniture and smash glasses off the floor with gay abandon.

The pub's peak passed about a year ago, though, and it never seemed to reach the same heights of hedonism afterwards. Having said that, there is a distinct lack of poky little places playing good music around the city at the moment, so its presence will be missed. As has been rumoured for a while now, the owners have decided to expand into properties on either side of the existing pub and turn it into some kind of massive swanky place.

Fame Asylum

A NEW academy has been opened up to help the Billy Barry school in the important task of turning the brightest and best of Irish teenagers into fame-hungry little assholes. Unfortunately the location that has been chosen for this bold venture (the Hollywood Academy) is the same building that housed one of Dublin's most notorious night clubs - the Asylum. Back in the early 90s, this club was well-known for being full of some of the most fucked up people in Dublin. There



were regular sightings of eight-year-olds wobbling around the place off their heads on E; a special room upstairs for people who wanted to take smack; and the odd gunshot being fired out across the dancefloor, Saddam Hussein-style. With any luck, the ghosts of the Asylum will rise up and get all the Fame kids addicted to crack and heroin before

HASH DROUGHT

THERE IS always a reassuring suspicion that, no matter how much drugs the cops manage to get their hands on, enough will still get through to satisfy demand. However, there definitely seemed to be a bit of a hash drought going on last month, and this could have had something to do with the 1.6 tonnes of spliff that the filth managed to filch from a warehouse in early February. Let us know if you are finding it harder than usual to get drugs by emailing editor@theslate.ie.

Thieving bastards

April fools for your diary

Tues 1st

Today is all about fools. You'll find them walking around telling obvious lies and putting whoopee cushions on your seat. A tiresome period.

Fri 4th - Sun 6th

All Tomorrow's Parties, a big abstract music festival happens in England somewhere. It's a kind of Homelands for nerds affair, and will feature Autechre, Public Enemy (right), and north-pole style weather.

5th - 6th

Some Dyke Arts Festival is happening in Arthouse, the IFC, and the George. See www.alafireland.com for details

No More Disco

RTE dump late night indie show

IRELAND'S ONLY semi-decent music programme has been given the axe by RTE - further proof that our national broadcaster is only meant to be watched by cunts, grannies and eight-year-old children.

Conveniently stuck in the arse-end of the Network 2 schedule, No Disco was one of the only RTE programmes made with a non-moronic youth audience in mind. When Donal Dineen started presenting it back in 1993, the show marked a major departure for most Irish music fans. Everything from hip hop to indie guitar and downtempo dance music was being played at a time when, as now, disgracefully bad chart shows ruled the airwaves.

In recent years No Disco made a point of giving coverage to the growing local underground music scenes. This meant that an awful lot of pretentious noise was put on the box in the name of music, but it also ensured that Irish bands who weren't permanently attached to Louis Walsh's cock could have something to aim for in terms of national exposure.

All in all, the demise of No Disco is very bad news for Ireland's moping indie-heads, who will now have even less to talk about as they stand outside record shops sneering at people with normal haircuts. Not to mention the fact that presenter Leagues O'Toole - second only to Darragh Purcell in the history of foolishly-affected TV styles - will have to find another home for his staccato drone.

And, with more chance of Ronan Keating turning up to DJ in Switch than an Irish indie song getting on MTV, the show's departure will leave fuck all reason for local musicians to make videos for their songs.

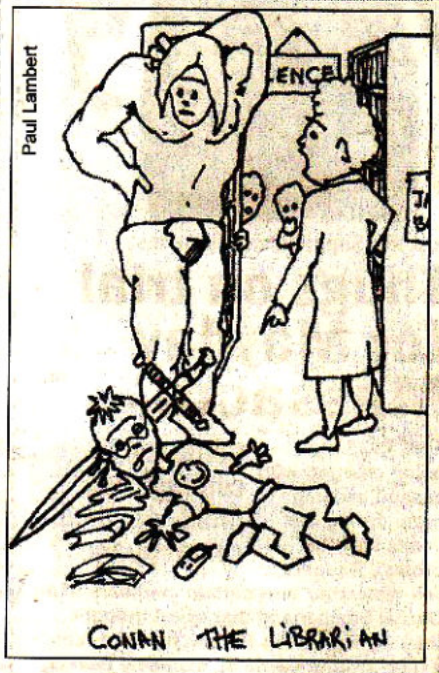
So - great thanks are due to RTE, who seem to have absolutely no interest in producing television for anyone between the ages of 16 and 32. Network 2 was re-branded as the ultra-funky N2 youth channel a few years back, but since then the handful of decent youth programmes produced practically had to be forced on them. With Cian O'Ciobhain's Riannta show getting the boot off TG4 as well, our national broadcaster really deserves a medal for the fine job it is doing.

Out on his Leagues

Envy - A Poem

The dog licked its balls,
Looked at me and smiled,
So I cut off his balls -
with a pliers,
Fuck him

Have you written a poem? Send it in to editor@theslate.ie



Homeless World Cup

There was rejoicing on the streets all the way from Dublin to Basra recently when it was announced that Ireland had made it into the Homeless World Cup. Mick McCarthy is to manage our squad, and he was at hand with a couple of others to supply the condescending comments and let the Irish public know about this event.

Competition boss Harold Schmeid declared: "We were keen to include the great football-playing nations of the world. And Ireland is definitely a great footballing nation." This bare-faced lie was added to by Mick McCarthy, who claimed "I'll take the team and win the World Cup." Seeing as he could barely get eleven professional footballers onto a training pitch for the real World Cup, it's very unlikely our group of homeless drug-addicts will even be turning up for the occasion.

Local News Continued . . .

Join Our Mailing List

Every week or so we mail people ideas we're thinking about putting in the magazine and they get back with suggestions etc. Anybody can join except for Ronnie Whelan, so get your holes in action by sending an email to editor@theslate.ie with 'mailing list' as the subject.

Moderator-in-chief

WAR COVERAGE

"... also, Lord Hunt follows Robin Cunt out of Tony Blair's cabinet"

David McWilliams, radio presenter on Dublin station Newstalk 106, tries to explain that Robin Cook and Lord Hunt have resigned from The UK Labour Party over Iraq

Sun 6th

Passion Sunday - What the fuck is this all about? Isn't this when Jesus is so regretting his decision to have himself nailed to a cross that he sweats blood? It might be a holy day. Ring the Irish Catholic on 01 855 5619 and ask them what's going on.

Mon 7th

World Health Day - We can tell you this is a total waste of time in Ireland. It won't work. These World Health people might as well be down in Osama's cave trying to flog autographed pictures of George Bush.

Sun 13th

Palm Sunday - More bizarre Sunday symbolism from the Catholic Church. This is the one where the priest walks around stinking out the church with a firebomb.

Just like Superman in his civvies

Thugs on trial for Mayday Massacre

Could the cunting cops finally get their comeuppance?

FIVE PIGS are being charged with assault causing harm during last year's Mayday protest. Readers will remember how certain members of an Gardai Siochana at that event thought they were part of a Rambo film and rampaged around Dame St, excitedly beating anybody who looked like they might not be a member of young Fianna Fail.

The dates for their trial by jury at the Circuit Criminal Court are June 24th and June 25th. The officers are Ronan Judge, Paul Daly, Fergus Hogan, thick-necked savage Donal Corcoran (aka Robocop, above and below) and best of all, some Garda called Thomas Victory. Make sure you turn up to have a good gander and shout abuse at them as they leave court. These wild men could face up to five years in jail and unlimited fines if convicted.

A sixth pig called Keith Goff is charge with simple assault.

Donal doing what he does best

Sex Phones will corrupt our kids

THE PURITY of our children is constantly under threat from technological jiggery-pokery, and the latest menace is these new picture mobile phones. On the surface, they seem like just another harmless gimmick to make stupid people replace their perfectly good old phones with expensive new ones.

But the reality is far more sinister.

As well as being suitable for displaying images of kittens, birthday cakes and Mickey Joe Harte, these new-fangled gadgets could easily be turned into dangerous porno-phones if used to download sick sex images.

The National Parents Council got wind of this possibility and immediately started losing control of themselves and issuing all kinds of wild statements. "I think it is very worrying to know that children could have access to stuff like this," said asshole-in-chief Michael O'Regan. "There's an onus on parents not to give their young these phones."

And O'Regan got in a total snot when it emerged that 02 - the shameless Brits who run half our mobile phones - are already sizing up vile sex deals for their network. ***"They don't care for impressionable young people," he ranted.***

O2 have tried to calm parents down by saying they will introduce some kind of filtering software to protect children. But this won't stop them taking photographs of their genitalia and selling them on the internet to the highest bidder, as is sure to happen if these phones remain on sale in high streets around the country.

Japanese society has already fallen to the camera phones

Stop reading and act now! This modern menace is probably feeding your children porn as we speak

BONO'S CHIRAC ATTACK

"WHAT A city. What a night. What a bomb. What a mistake. What a wanker you have for President." So said Bono the great revolutionary at the 1995 MTV Awards in France. His noble anger was directed at French President Jacques Chirac who had recently carried out illegal nuclear tests in the Pacific Ocean.

But what's this? Below is Rockstar Bono, again with Chirac, except this time he is having a great laugh with the French President after being made a Chevalier du Légion d'Honneur in France. Where are his principles? Did he leave them in the studio? Or was this great award worth indulging in a little bit of hypocrisy? Either way, we'd like to wish this magnificent Irish ambassador all the best as he heads off to large earth summits, where he is ignored by lots of important men but still manages to get his photograph taken with them.

Mais why is he laughing, zis buffoon?

Mon 14th
Thai New Year

Our friends in Thailand think the New Year starts today. These guys should be invaded too.

Tue 15th
Day of the Dickheads

We guarantee we our not making this up. Over in America, today is known as Rubber Eraser Day, Income Tax Day & Accountants Day.

Sat 18th-Mon 21st
Circuit of Ireland Rally

Irresponsible event which encourages dangerous driving.

BIG MAC'S IDENTITY CRISIS

A very tough man - but fair

Michael McDowell has come under some fire for forcing under-25s to carry ID cards. We say he is damn right

The Slate would like to offer it's full support to the Minister for Justice in his quest to have the country shut down and everybody seen outside the work place deported. As most people will be aware, Michael McDowell is intent on introducing mandatory IDing in public houses for anybody under the age of twenty-five. And he is completely right - it is unacceptable that people in their mid-20s should be walking in and out of pubs with impunity, safe in the knowledge that they won't be harassed by steroid-swilling bouncers.

However, there will be no such restrictions in fields, parks, paedophiles' back gardens, or under motorway bridges, so some young troublemakers may unfortunately resort to drinking in these places instead. But this will actually serve to sort the good children from the hardened delinquents, and perhaps all youngsters found under the influence out of doors could be electronically tagged and forced to live in Ethiopia for a week.

When applying for your identification card, you will be asked to fill in the following form which has been leaked to The Slate by the Department of Justice

What age are you?

1) Over 70 and unable walk, and therefore old enough to drink responsibly

2) Over 40 and married with a job in the civil service

3) Under 30 and like most young people, I enjoy throwing firebombs, attacking US military aircraft and attending anarchist Black Block meetings

In your opinion, how often should you drink?

1) Every day in the car on my way to work

2) When I'm at subversive anti-American, anti-investment riots attempting to bring about the end of civilisation

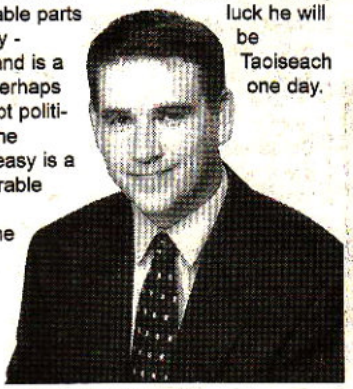
3) Every time the PDs win a seat in the Dail

Please complete this form and send it off to Michael McDowell's house. He lives somewhere in Ranelagh.

Is McDowell too liberal for you?

There will be some of you who are annoyed that Michael McDowell has given in to the liberals and doesn't make trendy anti-war types wear pink stars. The chap you need to follow is Fine Gael's main man on Justice, John Deasy. Although he hails from one of the most regrettable parts of the country - Waterford - and is a member of perhaps the most inept political party in the world, Mr. Deasy is a man of admirable ideas.

He went one step further than McDowell's booze laws by proposing that drinking in Ireland be restricted to over-21s - just like in the best country on earth, the US of A. This practical and logical solution was laughed at by his narrow-minded contemporaries in Leinster House, but we say go the whole hog. This man is one to watch - with any luck he will be Taoiseach one day.



Justice Johnny

Mon 21st Queen's Birthday

This one is even bigger than Easter, Christmas and the Thai New Year put together. It should be marked by a national day of silence and the sacrifice of every red-haired child in the country. And even that isn't enough - nothing is for such a noble lady.

SABOTAGE
NO.14 EXCHEQUER STREET
MENONLY
FROM APRIL 2003

THE LEGAL TIMES

Editorial

As we in the legal profession know well, sentencing is a very delicate and scientific operation which requires great knowledge and expertise to carry out properly. Different racial groups, of course, must be given different length sentences - that's why we have rounded up some of the finest minds from the Circuit Court bench and asked them: Which ethnic minorities do you distrust the most?

JUSTICE ADOLF MCCRACKEN (RIGHT)

Chinamen

Fishy customers who shout a lot and can't be trusted. As children, the Chinese are taught vicious fighting techniques which they import over here and are obviously a major worry to all well-behaved Irish citizens. These rogues are often sent in to me for trivial offences, but I will spot the danger in their slitty eyes and lock them up for as long as possible - longer, if my gout is aching or the wine at lunch has been less than satisfactory.

JUSTICE GIVE M. THE LASH (RIGHT)

Darkies

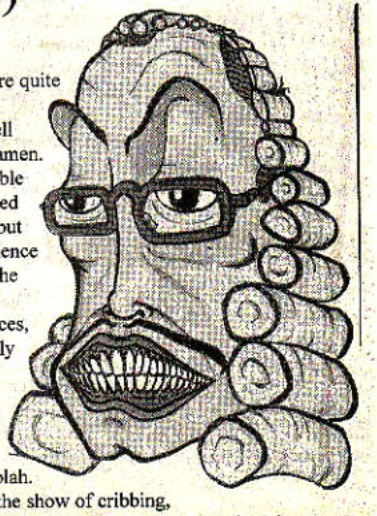
They've spent their lives running around the jungle and will never understand the sophisticated ways of Western democracy and justice. Many years on the bench have taught me that: the darker the negro, the more primitive the brain in his head. Thats why I operate a sliding scale of punishments - jet black: add 10 years; dark coffee: add 7; etc. I will often measure their skulls before sentencing too and make the appropriate adjustments to the jail term. The important thing is that these people know we won't stand for any monkey business over here.

JUSTICE A WHIPSTICK (ABSENT FOR PHOTOGRAPHS)

Travellers

Nobody likes Travellers - but I particularly despise them. What's great about being a judge is that you can lock a tinker up and throw away the key and - even if he was only up on a littering charge - the rest of the country will cheer you on and say thanks a lot for putting another one of those hoodlums away.

JUSTICE SEAN O'STRINGEMUP (BELOW)



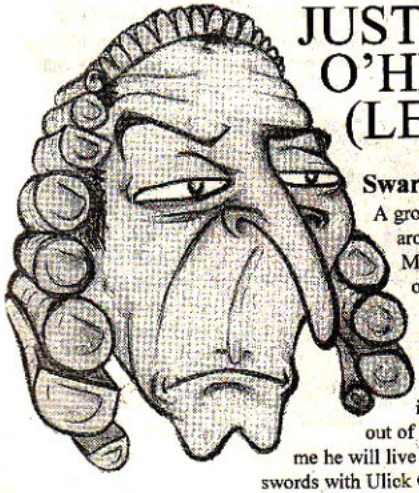
The Japs

As far as I can tell there are quite a lot of Japs around at the moment, but it's hard to tell them apart from the Chinamen. They are a terribly miserable lot who should have learned their lesson after the war but still seem filled with insolence and a clear disregard for the mores of Irish society.

If I was allowed two choices, I would also say that I truly despise **The Balkans**

I know that these people have been the victims of terrible wars, ethnic cleansing, and blah blah blah. But that is no excuse for the show of cribbing, whining and loathsome self-pity that they put on over here in our courts. It demonstrates a tremendous amount of disrespect for the great Irish justice system and gets me so riled that I wish we still had the Magdalene laundries up and running to sort them out.

JUSTICE ULICK O'HENNESSY (LEFT)



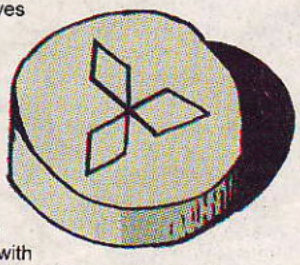
Swarthy Romanian Gypsies

A group of poky little people who go around dressed like circus runaways. Many is the gipsy toe I've driven over after a brown rodent leaned across my jag and tried to 'clean' the windscreen with his bottle of dirty Romanian water. Woe betide any refugee who turns up in my court with a sponge sticking out of his trouser pocket - believe you me he will live to regret the day he crossed swords with Ulick O'Hennessy.

In a city renowned for its shit selection of gear, these were amongst the few substances that briefly bucked the trend

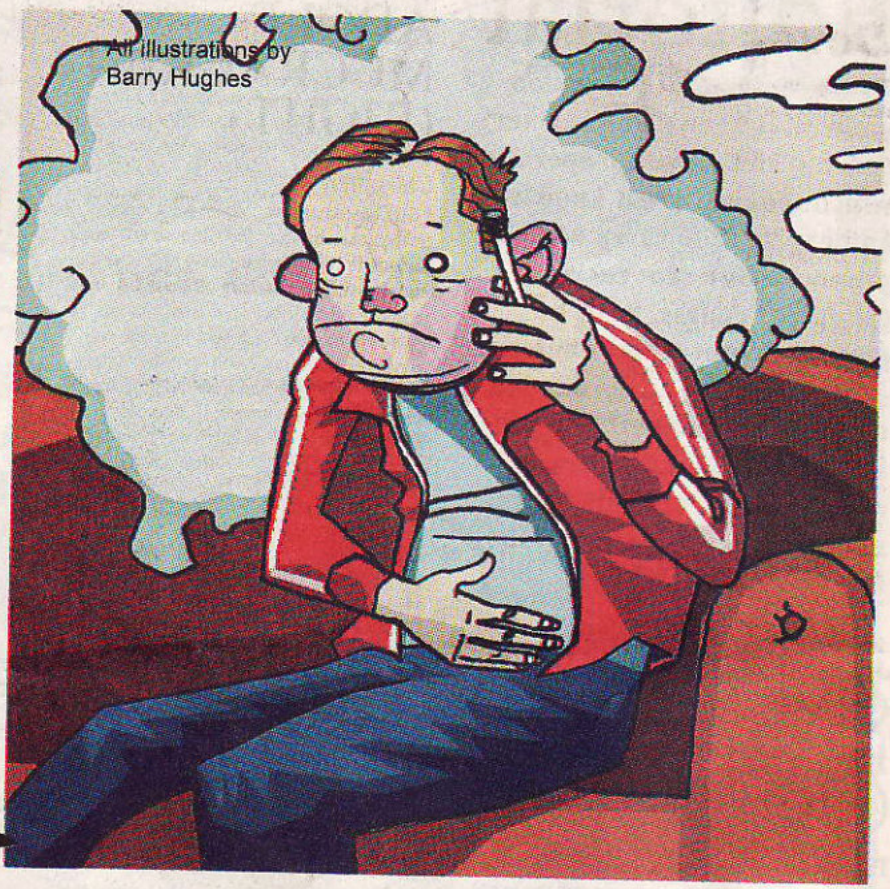
DUBLIN'S TO

Mitsubishis



Although Doves stole the headlines because they were the first pills on the scene, Mitsubishis have become synonymous with the ecstasy experience over the last ten or fifteen years in Dublin. The main myth that accompanies them is that they 'saved' rave culture after Doves and the early pills such as Mad Bastards, M1s and M25s went to shit. This is probably rubbish - like every other pill, different batches of Mitsubishis could be wildly different. Nonetheless, their lasting symbolic value in Irish drug history was demonstrated by the gurning madmen who attended Homelands 2000 with the Mitsubishi symbol shaved into their heads, tattooed on their arms, and plastered on our sacred National Flag.

All illustrations by Barry Hughes



Microdots

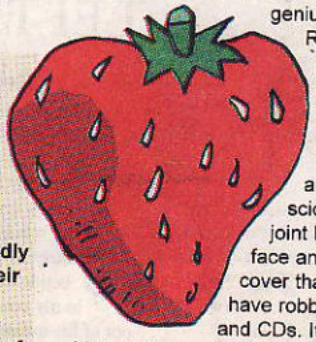
If you fancied a scrambled brain, these monstrous trips were the way to go. Common throughout the 90s, they came in various colours, and a few particularly lethal 'Blackstar' microdots did the rounds. Most of them resembled tiny black sheep shits, however. It was generally accepted that if you took one of these, you were signing a contract which read 'if I come out of this thinking I'm Diego Maradona, it's entirely my own fault.' As well as giving an exceptionally strange trip, the comedown from Microdots was not to be underestimated, bringing paranoia and fear to new depths.

Mad Bastards

These 'Es' arrived in Dublin in 1991 and at first, they lived up to their name because they were filled not with MDMA, but Ketamin - a powerful animal tranquilizer used to calm down wild horses. Obviously, its effect on humans is chaotic. When taken, these 'yellow burgers' - so called because of their large size and colour - would leave the user wandering around staring at the ceiling with a look of awe on their face, or gurning horribly. One Slate correspondent had to go to the dentist to have a tooth pulled after a night on the Mad Bastards because he had cracked it right through to the gum. Soon, though, Dublin was swamped with batches of Mad Bastards which were just like normal ecstasy and they largely died out around 1995.

The various logos that attach themselves to substances usually only have any significance for the first few months that the drug is available. After that, bastardised versions flood the market and the branding ends up meaning fuck all. But people are still happy to take them and talk endless amounts of shit about the different effects that different types of drugs have on you

Strawberries



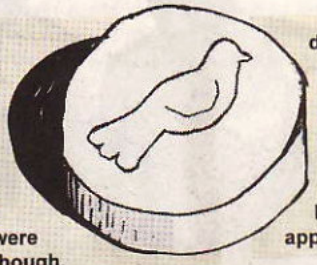
Back in the days of tripping, Strawberries were the best known and most enduring tabs to be had on these shores. They were quite mild - even the 'double-dipped strawberries' (so called because they were supposedly dipped in LSD not once but twice.) Their effects included long giggling fits brought about by unfunny things such as chairs or Brendan Grace, and a fog of stupidity which was somehow enjoyable.

Dutch Grass

Sent home by Dubliners during drugs holidays to Amsterdam, usually in a cowardly fashion to someone else's address. The advantages of this kind of proper grass include the belief that you are on a beach in the Bahamas at sundown instead of sitting in a grimy Harold's Cross flat with people who are using you for your drugs. Disadvantages include the fact that your critical faculties float out the window along with your mind. Scooter's latest single will sound like a work of total genius, as will Billy Ray Cyrus, Mickey Joe Harte and whatever other stupid-named cunt is on the television. You may also regain consciousness to find joint burns on your face and groin, and discover that your friends have robbed your furniture and CDs. It would get a higher rating except for its rare and fleeting visits to our city.

P 10 DRUGS EVER

Doves



This was the original ecstasy pill to arrive in Sides nightclub back in the late 80s. Reportedly the first couple of batches were amazingly clean although, by about midway through 1994, the quality of them tended to be considerably lower. They're still around today but the dove insignia bears no relation to the quality of the pill - in fact they're almost always crap. Speckled Doves were all the rage for a while. The specs were usually nothing more than dirt, but it was often rumoured that they were caused by heroin. Seeing as heroin a) is white, and b) was far more expensive than ecstasy, this is extremely improbable. A famous pill but they've certainly had their day.

Killer Heroin

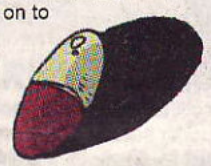
The heroin-making boys over in Afghanistan have obviously perfected the art of giving the health inspectors the slip when they call around. Unfortunately this means that the odd few drops of nasty bacteria can find their way into the supplies. A batch of heroin with some lethal bug or other arrived in Dublin in the summer of 2000 and started laying drug addicts low across the city. This was bad news. Having junkies walking the streets trying to scab money off us night and day is bad enough. But when they start turning up in hospitals with abscesses and taxpayers have to pay to keep them alive - that's gone too far.

Getafixes

These were a strong trippy form of LSD which had a picture of the Druid from the comic strip Asterix. Getafix famously brewed a magic potion which made the taker extremely strong, cocky and prone to making bad jokes while destroying legions of Roman soldiers. The acid tabs on the other hand rendered people unable to remember how to pull up their trousers, frightened of Marty Whelan and likely to be arrested if they were let out of doors. The Slate can unfortunately relay a story about a bloke who took four of these things by accident. Having taken one, he foolishly decided he'd push his luck and take a second. Unfortunately this second one turned out to be two folded over to look like one, and the final one was ingested when reality was but a long lost memory. He hasn't been the same since, apparently.

Rhubarb and Custards

Again, the first batch of these in the early 90s were great. Unfortunately, though, the fact that they came in capsules meant that enterprising vendors of controlled substances soon realised they could empty out the E and replace it with baking powder before selling them on to desperados walking around the Olympic Ballroom with their tops off.



4-leaf Clovers

Some good strong batches of this pill appeared in Dublin from '92 up until quite recently. If you took enough of them you got yellow vision and felt as if you were walking five feet above the air. The best thing about them though was that some of the more considerate dealers actually wrapped them up in gold foil for you. If a batch got a bad name, enterprising scumbags would often rename them as Shamrocks and then try to palm them off as a different pill.

Green Triangles

Another very strong pill which has had a couple of good batches over the years. They haven't been spotted much in recent times, but there was a great lot in about three years ago, and again in the early to mid-90s when they first arrived. They made sitting on a bed beside some 60 year old with his hand on your genitals seem like an acceptable way of passsing an evening.

And now for the shit..

Needless to say, Dublin has more than its fair share of narcotics whose only effect is to make the user feel like they have Mad Cow Disease

Bad Dublin Hash
This despicable drug perfectly epitomises the dire narcotics situation in Dublin. It is of an unfailingly low standard, but because there have been no other options (until very recently) people have had to buy it. Despite the best efforts of An Garda Siochana, bales of substandard hash flood the capital year after year. It always seems to be stored in the dirtiest ship available and then thrown into Ireland because no other country will take it. It can be identified by a nasty, oily fragrance with pieces of plastic, bits of rotten wood and teeth scattered throughout. Effects on the user range from feelings of mild mental disability to the conviction that they have brain cancer.

Speed
Pure speed and amphetamine-based drugs such as Crystal Meth are excellent substances which get you completely fucked up. They are available in other proper cities around the globe. Unfortunately speed in Dublin tends to be 10% toilet cleaner, 90% rat poison and sniffing it usually feels like you're being shot up the nose by an AK47.

Poppers
This drug keeps turning up courtesy of dodgy, sleazy old men with their bellies out in nightclubs and raves. They will bump into you on a sweaty dance floor and then wave a little medicine bottle in your face in what they imagine to be a seductive manner. A quick sniff will make you feel as if you are momentarily stuck inside the engine of a jumbo jet, before you get a nasty headache and your face goes red.

Red lightning pills
There are batches of these pink-ish red yokes doing the rounds at the moment. They have a bolt of lightening embossed on them but their effect is distinctly unlightning-like, as they are total fucking duds.

Have you got any duds recently? Email editor@theslate.ie and let us know

Figures of Fun

It is a well-known fact that Garda Siochana are a modest, truthful and honourable group of individuals. And these traits are never more evident than when our Boys in Blue are busting the drugs trade and boasting to everyone about how much their narcotics seizures are worth. As great admirers of the men and women who stop dirty drugs flooding into Ireland, we have put together a feature which shows how incredibly accurately the pigs assess the 'street value' of their hauls.

By my reckoning, Seamus, we have at least €3 billion worth on our hands here

PILLS

ONE NOTICEABLE feature of the Gardai's E-busting crusade is their strange ability to locate 'superpills' with abnormal amounts of MDMA, which they say retail at street level for anything from €15 to €20. Every second seizure seems to consist of another batch of these great yokes, which are for some reason totally unavailable to anyone who would actually like to take them. Instead, most pill-monkeys have to make do with the common or garden Es which, according to the cops, sell for around €10 a pop.

This is not too far off the mark if you are buying in a club, but very few dealers would have the cheek to charge more than €8 if you buy in advance, with most selling at around €6, and some even going below the €5 mark. A notable feature of E-dealing - which even the cops have recognised - is the fact that suppliers dropped this high-end price from £10 to €10 when the new currency came in. This was presumably just for ease of transaction in the club, and suggests that the pricing is completely arbitrary anyway. Our advice is: get your bargaining hat on next time you are preparing an evening on the mong.

HASH

THE GARDAI do some of their most brazen boasting and lying in after a cannabis seizure. Most Irish hash dealers sell their produce in quarters, halves, ounces, etc. - i.e. they use the Imperial system. But the cunning cops always announce the size of their hauls using the metric system. As a result, the only people who know how much hash actually costs - stoners - are completely at a loss when they hear that the cops have just confiscated another, say, 300kg of cannabis resin.

The pigs are therefore able to get away with some astonishing bullshit when estimating the street value of these heroic hauls. The typical valuation given is around €12.50 per gram. If you bother your arse working it out, this means the Garda are claiming that the street value of a quarter (approximately 7.1gr) is around €88.75. Unless you are some Foxrock toff who has decided to buy 'a few spots' of hash in the Oliver Bond Flats, you shouldn't be paying more than €35 for a quarter.

Oliver Bond Street flats - the Brown Thomas of narcotics shopping

CRACK

UNFORTUNATELY FOR the fun-loving bloodhounds in the media, there have been very few crack seizures to back up press claims that everyone in Ireland is addicted to this fine drug. For anyone interested in trying some, cops estimated the price per gram back in 1997 to be £150, which means you'll probably pick it up for about €25 now.

ACID

WHAT HAS happened to acid? In the mid-90s, it was quite common to meet people in clubs who were clearly going to spend the next six months talking gibberish at some nurse in John of God's. Nowadays (as far as we can see anyway) nobody does acid, the cops don't seem to have made any recent LSD seizures, and it's not visibly on sale anywhere. Maybe this is down to pure economics. Trips almost always used to cost less than £5 each, and only complete fuck-ups did more than a couple at a time, so dealers would have needed a shitload of customers to make any decent money out of it. If you know anything about the decline of acid in Dublin (or if you have done any recently) send in some info to editor@theslate.ie

GRASS

WHEN TRYING to figure out how much money their weed seizures are worth, the cops tend to swing wildly between getting it right at €30 a quarter (which they do about half the time) to completely underestimating it (the rest of the time they seem to think a quarter of grass can be picked up for around €17 or €18). Overall, you

The joys of crack cocaine

COCAINE

GARDAI GET very excited about cocaine. So excited you would wonder exactly what proportion of the haul actually gets sent to wherever it is they are meant to send it. The procedure when cocaine is seized seems to be:

1) All the pigs have a look at it, dab their fingers in it, and rub their gums vigorously
2) Step one is repeated a few more times
3) The Gardai take turns in running out to the press and shouting out whatever multiple of €3 million comes into their heads first
4) The press then all write down different estimates of how much coke has been found
5) They all come back the next day and do the same thing, and the papers publish different figures to the ones they had the previous day.

Most normal people can buy cocaine for between €60 and €80 a gram. Not the cops though. In Gardaland, as far as can be gathered, even the most generous dealer seems to charge around €100. Then there are the freakish hauls, were each gram is valued at something ridiculous like IR£318.75 (September 1998) or, even better, IR£800 (August 1996).

In fairness, cocaine presumably comes into the country at varying levels of purity, and then gets cut to fuck before it hits the market. The August 1996 haul mentioned above was "more than likely to be 80 per cent pure," said Mr. Liam Hurley, head of the Customs National Drugs Team at the time. "Then it would be cut down to be sold on the streets at 20%." However, that analysis still leaves the street value of 20% pure coke at IR£200 per gram, which is ridiculous.

In recent years, the cops have tried to hide all this confusion by often just releasing a monetary value for the cocaine (usually somewhere between 3 and 5 billion euro) without bothering to tell anyone how much it weighed.

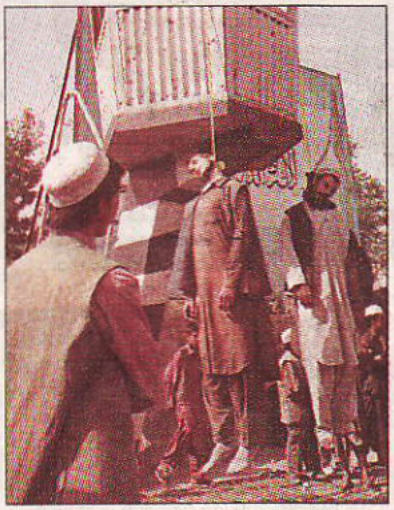
Don't get high on your own supply

get the impression that they haven't a clue what they are talking about. It certainly beggars belief that anyone could think hash is up to five times more expensive than grass (see above for comparison.)

This cluelessness is confirmed when you realise that the authorities think we have all been smoking shit Dublin hash out of choice for the last number of decades. "Cannabis resin [is] more popular with Irish drug users, [while] herbal cannabis is more popular in many African countries," was the inaccurate prognosis from the cops and the Customs officials last June. Clearly, anyone who can get their hands on it will smoke grass rather than our party-wrecking hash, which conveniently comes with plastic on the inside as well as the outside.

GETTING SNARED

ONE RATHER serious consequence of (and possible reason for) all this gross exaggeration, is that there is a mandatory 10-year sentence for anyone caught with over €13,000 worth of illegal drugs. This is not too cool if you get caught with a few pills and an eighth, and some crazy guard turns up in court trying to claim that you are flooding the country with a hundred grand's worth of deadly narcotics.

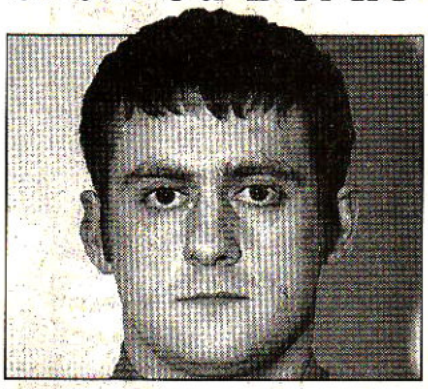


This is what happens if the vigilantes don't get to you first

Boring research area. Stay well clear

Pills figures are based on nine ecstasy seizures reported in the Irish Times between November 1998 and February 2003. **Hash figures are based on 15 cannabis resin seizures as reported in the Irish Times between March 1998 and February 2003.** Grass figures are based on 11 herbal cannabis seizures reported in the Irish Times between January 1997 and July 2002. **Coke figures are based on 9 cocaine seizures as reported in the Irish Times between August 1998 and August 2001**

The Cannabis Councillor who shamed Bertie



Desperate Danagher

AN IRRESPONSIBLE Soldier of Destiny has sullied the name of his great party by being caught not once, but twice in possession of the dangerous marijuana drug. Wild-man Patrick Danagher's conviction would have passed with no more shock and awe than that of the usual petty criminal - except that he is a member of Ballyshannon town council.

Shamelessly scorning his Fianna Fail peers' admirable zero tolerance attitude to drugs, this cowboy was spotted by a sharp-eyed member of An Gardai Siochana strumming on his guitar in what must have been a suspicious fashion last February. When searched, he was found to be in possession of the aforementioned perilous substance.

Readers will be horrified to learn that this tearaway town councillor did not even have the decency to admit his crime. Instead, he tried to avoid his rightful punishment by claiming that he was using the brown resin to rub on his guitar strings.

In a further twist to this terrible story, it turns out that Danagher must be an addict of sorts, for this was not the first time he had been found in possession of hash. But even a second run in with the guards was no lesson for this immoral man - he brazenly refused to leave office and voluntarily go to jail, and instead his solicitor tried to have the whole thing thrown out of court.

Danagher received a pathetic €150 fine, and is still blatantly sitting on the town council representing noble Fianna Fail and getting away with being out of his mind on illegal drugs.

Danagher loves getting high on this muck

This man is rubbing the noses of the nation in it. *Action must be taken.*

Student Menu

Your Quality College Caterers are delighted to announce the arrival of our new Springtime catalogue

Foot and Mouth Fetuccini

Remember those burning pyres of animals around the country two years ago. 'What a waste,' everyone was thinking. But we here at the college didn't think, we just acted - by going around all the farmers and buying sheep that were up for incineration at amazing knockdown prices. And now these fine chunks of lamb have been processed for your delectation and mixed in with Ireland's most succulent pasta.

Refried Chips

You may well have heard of a Mexican dish called re-fried beans. Well, we on the catering team are introducing a new strain of 'Mexo-Irish' cuisine that will be pioneered in the canteen from now on. Students will go around Dublin chippers at the weekend with plastic bags to collect the chips that people drop when they are drunk. These chips will then be brought back to Maisy in the kitchen, where they will be stewed in the deep fat fryer for 36 hours until the delicate nuances of the Mexo-Irish flavour are achieved.

One of our satisfied customers

Virgin Cola

This lovely acidy liquid hasn't been on sale since the 1990s, meaning that a whole generation of Cola lovers will never know the joys of having their teeth fall out straight after drinking it. However you fortunate students will not be missing out, as we have secured a lost lorry-load of the great drink which will be sold in our canteen by Richard Branson himself over the coming months.

Rasher Bars

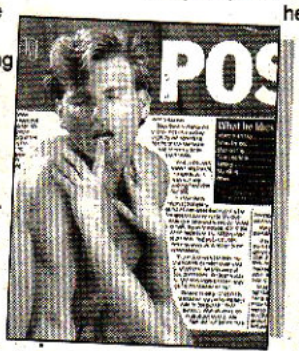
Here's a little treat to chew on during the lecture. Unlike your average bacon slice (which is gone in a couple of seconds) this durable foodstuff is made of freeze-dried rasher which is moulded into the shape of a chocolate bar and painted brown to complete the effect. Should provide at least an afternoon's good chewing.

At the Spring menu launch

Tabloid Watch

LAST MONTH, the fat men of the Sunday World decided that the best way to con people into buying their salacious product would be to publish a tacky-looking sex manual and advertise it all over the telly. It was marketed as a serious and classy guide with plenty of saucy tips for their readers to try out after a night getting nailed down in the local pub.

Unfortunately it was such a lame and turgid affair that there were probably more erotic moments in the hurling section at the back of the paper than in this 'Guide for Lovers'. The root of the problem lay in the choice of author for the handbook. Instead of letting a xenophobic middle-aged chauvinist who has erotic fantasies about his daughter write it like they usually would, the SW signed up some boring kraut bitch called Dr Angela Brokmann to do the honours.



dufgiaeuhgapieuhbp

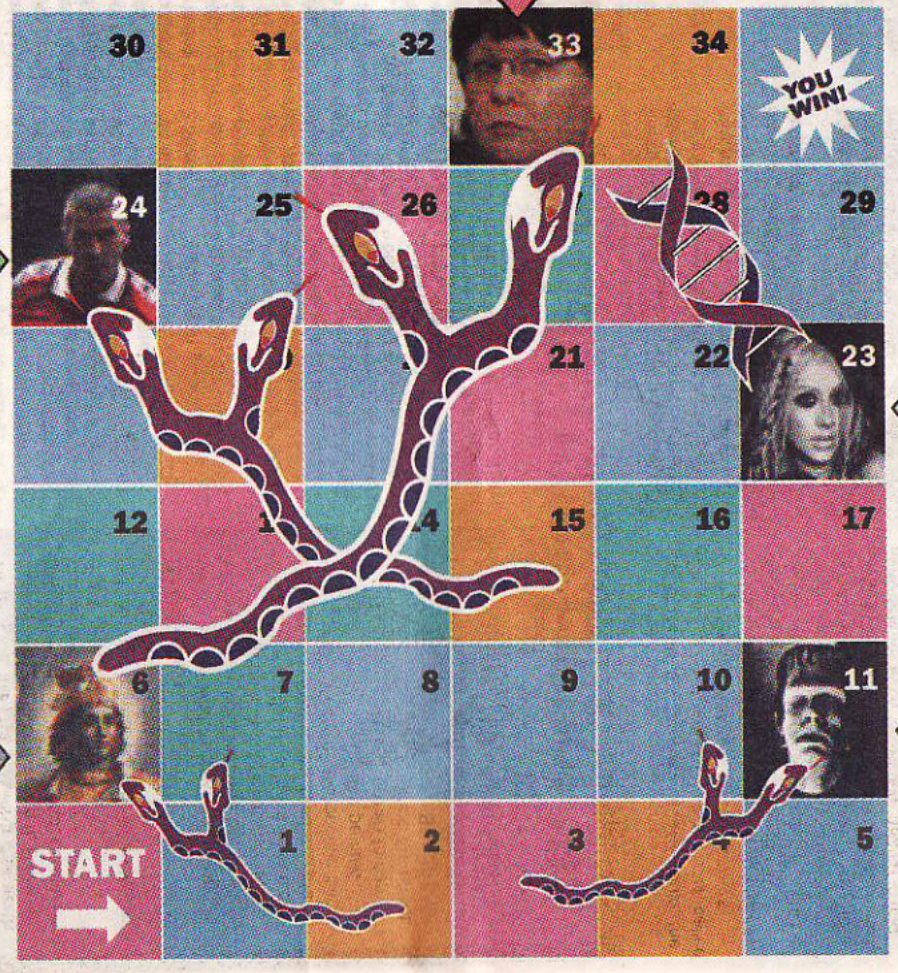
This Dr Angela is a sex therapist, and as anybody who has flicked through the women's pages of a newspaper will realise, these people are unfailingly lacklustre when it comes to their field of expertise. She gives long, exhaustive descriptions of various sex positions all of which involve gazing lovingly into your partner's eyes no matter where your head happens to be. Readers are also treated to po-faced descriptions of tit-jobs and, for some reason, lots of statistics about German sex habits.

It's all very uninteresting and probably a direct rip-off of some guide written more than thirty five years ago.

Thankfully though there was no concession to the fact that most humans found in this region of Europe look like out-of-practice weight-lifters. All the models had the bright orange skin which is usually only found on porn stars and the kind of people who appear on the back of Alpen packets.

Hydras and Double Helixes

The rules of this latest Slate board game are as follows. You are a renegade genetic scientist who lives in a Belgian hippy commune under a motorway. Your goal is to create a clone which is powerful enough to overthrow Bush, Saddam, Blair and Alex Ferguson in an hour. Use a dice to move around the board.



In exasperation, you throw a test-tube with vital ingredients out your window and go out and get drunk. The vial falls into the hands of Mary Harney, who eats it when she thinks nobody is looking. She then grows into an even more monstrous ogre and eats the whole planet, before blowing up and causing a blackhole in space which lasts for billions of light years.

You instil the spirit of Roy Keane in your Frankenstein. It becomes aggressive and bolshy until faced with Alex Ferguson, who forces the monster to stop and tie his shoelace. It does so and then on Fergie's command crosses the water and lays waste to Ireland.

After a particularly long bout of taking Xanex and watching MTV, you decide to give your monster the appearance and dress sense of Christina Aguilera. You regret this as soon as you sober up, but it is surprisingly effective, as she romps around the world like a mutant Barbie doll with her grotesque backside exposed and her singing voice destroying any skyscraper within a radius of twenty miles.

Your religious beliefs mean that you name your creature after an obscure Indian deity and programme it to harass people, asking if they'd like to take personality tests and telling them that their family hates them. This proves disadvantageous in battle and you have to return to the drawing board. Back to the start.

You are afraid that your organism is becoming too intelligent and might rebel, so you nip down to Cork and take a quick DNA sample from one of the locals to counteract this cleverness. Unfortunately, you picked a particularly retarded Corkman and your creation ends up with the IQ of a dead squirrel on a motorway. Miss a go.

Black Sabbath as ban kicks in

Inspector Quirke - high on anti-fun pills

A CABAL of puritan Gardai has decided that going to nightclubs on Sunday is a sinful occupation which can no longer be tolerated. These cops have told a rake of Dublin venues in no uncertain terms to shut their doors on the Lord's Day.

Amongst these, the Pod, Ri Ra and Switch have all been forced to close down highly popular Sunday night clubs - leaving DJs out of work and regulars with nothing to do except go and stand outside the nearest chipper.

The cops are enforcing a 1988 law which banned Sunday night clubbing because of the high rate of 'absenteeism' it causes. "For most of the population of this country, Monday is the first working day of the

No more clubs on Sacred Sundays

week," said Justice Minister Gerry Collins at the time. And to help out the nation's whining bosses, Collins declared that no pub or club would be allowed serve alcohol after 1am on a Sunday night.

Of course, you can still go out drinking until 2.30am from Monday through to Thursday. But the people involved in making this patronising law must have all come from culchie towns where the local disco was in use as a hayshed during the week, so they had no idea that this wild midweek hedonism was taking place up in the big smoke.

As simple country folk, they also failed to understand that a large number of people in Dublin work all weekend in the service industry and want to go out and enjoy themselves on a Sunday. This has meant that some of the city's best club nights have been at the end of the weekend - most notably Central in Switch and Odyssey in the Pod.

Up until now, the Gardai have taken an intelligent approach to the situation by ignoring the fact that clubs were opening late on Sundays. However, a new regime has come in, and a Garda called Inspector John Quirke (see panel) has been going around all the clubs trying to fuck up people's weekends by enthusiastically applying the letter of this ludicrous law.

Inspector Quirky's Bad Times Emporium

The fate of Sunday night clubbing is in the hands of Inspector John Quirke (above) - a bolshie fuck from the country whose understanding of us cosmopolitan Dubs seems limited at best.

Sensitive to the needs of the modern clubber

The Slate put it to Inspector Quirke that Sunday night was a big night out for restaurant and bar workers, and that he was depriving these people of their weekly session on the piss. "No it's not," he barked wrongly back at us, suggesting instead that it was the big night out for gays around town. "Monday is the night out for bar workers." When it was pointed out that the Pod had been running a successful Sunday club for years - attended mainly by people from bars and restaurants - Inspector Quirky triumphantly replied: "Not any more it's not."

Up-to-the-minute moral outlook

Inspector Quirke's duties as a nightclub cop include liaising with the gay community and making sure that their clubs aren't getting out of hand. He seems to have a great interest in these people, painstakingly giving us a long list of venues that run queer nights around town. "I will say one thing for them," he commented. "They seem to have a lot of money to spend on going out socialising. There's a real circuit there for them to go around - different things in different places every night of the week." When asked whether he was clamping down on Sundays because of his perception that it was a gay night around town, Inspector Quirke replied: "Absolutely not." Thanks god for that.

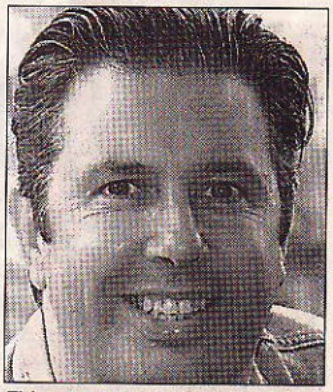
Interesting RTE update corner

All the news you thought you didn't give a toss about. Maybe you were right

★ **RTE ARE giving Gerry Ryan another chance to get his failed television career off the ground. The nasal Northsider is shooting a series of interviews with career nutjobs like Sinead O'Connor and Michael Flatley, and the whole thing will be aired later this year under the embarrassing title Ryan Confidential.**

Gerry has appeared on television several times before, but his overweight bad looks and total lack of style have ensured that any previous projects have been cut short - usually around halfway through the first programme. Rumours abound that Gerry has been asked to wear a burqa until Ryan Confidential is finished shooting.

★ **And in more news about shit RTE television, last year's highly successful Treasure Island show will not be gracing our screens again this season. The programme - a reality TV contest to find the saddest cunts in Ireland - is being replaced by a rather more run-of-the-mill format which involves two groups of people going around Ireland in boats. No doubt, there will still be an army of gaping morons queueing up to watch.**



This one goes out to the crack of Mrs. Ryan's arse

RHONA DRAG

Clapped-out Keating tries to save his career by dressing up as a dirty hoor

This beer will turn you into a shameless has-been

IN A desperate bid to revive his dead career, ex-popstar Ronan Keating last month resorted to dressing up as a woman in an ad campaign for some naff beer or other. Apparently Keating is still making music, but nobody gives a toss about him any more and - unless he is caught fucking one of his own children - this is probably the only way he'll get in the papers again.

The campaign as a whole actually manages to be even more distasteful than Keating himself. It seems that Carlsberg, Heineken or Budweiser - some nasty lager, at any rate - has slightly changed the taste of their watery diarrhea beer, and an insincere publicity campaign has been launched to tell everyone that this new flavour will transform you into a wild and interesting party animal.

Obviously it won't even get you drunk, let alone change your life, but this is a trifling matter. Other bland celebrities such as Craig David and Zoe Ball have been paid to appear dressed in stupid outfits to help the beer companies increase their margins even further.

It's all exceptionally offensive, but the worst thing is the Advertising Standards Authority of Ireland are standing back and letting Irish people's minds be rotted by this filth. If you want to ring up the ASAI and complain about this or any other ad, their number is (01) 660 8766.

Racism Corner

"UR sacked penis head, we've got another black fucker." *Text message sent to builder Addie Wells by his former employers - Shorelands engineering firm from Southampton.*

"He can't read English. Mind you, he is a fucking Irishman." *Philip Green (owner of Top Shop and Miss Selfridge) giving out about Guardian journalist Paul Murphy.*

"I sincerely apologise for offending any Irish people with this remark, which was directed solely at the journalist in question, and not a general comment. I have many Irish friends and there was no harm meant to any of these people, other than the heated exchange I had with the journalist in question." *Philip Green backtracking like fuck.*

ADULT DIRECT CONTACT

All enquiries to ADC on 01 855 0912

HOW TO USE THIS SERVICE

In order to use this Service dial 1550 199 552 and when answered just follow the instructions until you are asked to enter a mailbox number then simply key in the four digit number that's at the end of the advert you are interested in. This service is totally confidential and discretion assured...

HOW TO PLACE A FREE ADVERT

For information on how to place a free advert of your own just contact Samantha on 01 8550 912 (Mon-Fri 11.00-4.00 only). If you do not wish to leave your personal details when responding to an advert you can have a free Mailbox for your own private use - simply ask Samantha...

Callers must have a tone phone to access this service. Calls cost 74c per min (inc. Vat)
SPAP: CMS Ltd/ADC POBox 4409 D15

WOMEN SEEKING Men

Kira wants to get physical with imaginitive male... 1843
Selina seeks gent with good massage skills for all sexy fun and action... 1844
Married woman longs for the occasional fling with discreet male... 1845
Emily seeks discreet fun with male any age/nationality... 1846
Curvy brunette seeks gent over 25 for sexy frolics... 1847
Uninhibited lady seeks male for occasional meetings... 1848
Curious sexy female 30's seeks adventurous male who can fulfil her fantasy... 1849
Natisha is looking for gent who wishes to indulge in fantasy fulfillment... 1850
Busty blonde seeks gent over 30 for discreet fun... 1851
Sexy brunette seeks male any age for mutually satisfying times together... 1852
Lady seeks fantasy fulfillment over the phone with nice gent... 1853
Cute sensuous and sexy Sandra 19 seeks male 20/45 for evenings out... 1854
Mistress Caroline seeks new male slave... 1855
Uninhibited housewife seeks discreet excitement with able bodied male... 1856
Energetic fun loving lady would like to meet gent for naughty action... 1857
Daytime adult discreet fun sought by lady... 1858
Sexy adventurous mid aged lady seeks uninhibited male for fun times... 1859
Widowed attractive auburn haired lady seeks married man for fun... 1860
Unsatisfied married woman seeks male for fulfilling times... 1861
Frustrated housewife seeks fun weekdays during school hours... 1862
Bubbly blonde wants to meet sexy male for uncomplicated fun... 1863
Strict lady seeks male daytime chores... 1864
Impetuous sexy 19yr old seeks older male for lots of fun... 1865
Inspiring seductive mid aged woman seeks virile gent of any age... 1866
Lingerie loving male wanted by sexy female... 1867
Brunette seeks hot blooded eager male to enjor pleasures of the flesh... 1868
Gent for daytime frolics wanted by sexy female... 1869
Jessy seeks physical fun with a sexy male... 1870
Harmless adult fun sought by very adventurous lady... 1871
Mutual pleasures sought by adventurous lady... 1872
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Live Music

TRILOK GURTU
TUE 01 APR 8PM
NATIONAL
CONCERT HALL €16, 20, 22

The Walton Masters series kicks off at the National Concert Hall this month when the Indian-born percussionist and violinist Trilok Gurtu gives a performance followed (the next day) by a workshop for aspiring young musicians. We don't know a whole lot about this guy but his credentials are fairly impressive. Born into a well-known musical family in Bombay, Gurtu is best known for his mostly improvised live work with musicians as diverse as Pharaoh Sanders, Nitin Sawhney and, unfortunately, Dave Gilmore. His debut album Usfret (1988) has been hailed as a seminal influence by the likes of Talvin Singh and Asian Dub Foundation. He has also been named Best Percussionist in Downbeat magazine's critics poll for five years in a row, and is credited with bridging the gap between traditional Indian music and contemporary jazz. So you might as well head along, clap at all the wrong times and generally make a nuisance of yourself.

THE WARLOCKS
TUE 01 APR 8PM
WHELAN'S €13.50

Emboldened by the success of their so-called New Rock Revolution the NME are throwing all sorts of shit at the wall and hoping as much of it sticks as possible. So when you hear that the Warlocks are 'hotly-tipped' it really means that they roughly fit the loose criteria for inclusion and have been the subject of a few fawning articles in that magazine. From what we can gather, the Velvet Underground-influenced eight-piece have built up a good live reputation in their native Los Angeles. See page 47 for a review of their new album.)

LIBERTY X
THURS 03 APR
VICAR STREET €33

It's like Alfred Hitchcock's The Birds in Dublin's music venues this month. But instead of homicidal jackdaws we're getting English telly popstars. Except it's not even the talentless twerps who won these shows we're getting, it's the unbowed but equally untalented runners-up. Liberty X is made up of five people who were not deemed accomplished enough to be members of Hear'say. That's the bottom line here. Some observers have taken mild satisfaction from the fact that Liberty X have outlasted Hear'say and have achieved something their rivals never did - a hit single that had legs beyond the scope of the television show (Just A Little.) Others even admire them for choosing a slightly less wholesome image than Hear'say (as if that were an achievement.) But those people are victims of seriously fuzzy logic. In a perfect world this act would be run out of town in a barrage of stones and broken beer bottles.

LOVE WITH ARTHUR LEE
FRI 04 APR
THE VILLAGE €25

It is little over a year since Arthur Lee's release from prison and this is already his second visit to Wexford Street since he got out. The Love mainman has taken a leaf from Brian Wilson's book and gotten his shit together long enough to work on a nice retirement fund. And his trump card is Forever Changes; the reputed 'greatest album of all time.' He's hired an orchestra to run through Love's 1967 masterpiece in its entirety on this tour. But in contrast to when Wilson toured with Pet Sounds last year, it's hard to take this hype seriously. Forever Changes is a fantastic slice of Spanish-tinged psychedelic-folk but there are countless equally good and better albums out there. Nevertheless, on the basis of his performance in Whelan's last summer this gig - hype or not - is recommended.

GLASSJAW
SAT 05 APR
TBMC €20

Despite the fact that their breakthrough album Worship And Tribute (2002) was produced by Ross Robinson (Limp Bizkit, Slipknot) Glassjaw are not your average nu-rockers. For a start guitarist Justin Beck and vocalist Daryl Palumbo (who suffers from hereditary Crohn's disease) are what is known on the emo scene as 'straight edge' - that is, they abstain from drink, drugs and casual sex. Which means that these idiots really are just into the music. Furthermore Glassjaw's brand of emasculated hardcore is as indebted to Morrissey and The Cure it is to Bad Brains and Fugazi (not that you'd necessarily notice right away.) Then there's their intense relationship with their audience: "Our fans would take a bullet for us and rightly so, because we would kill or be killed for anyone who is devoted to this band," they claim. It's a touching sentiment but an unlikely scenario for this bunch of clean living pussies from Long Island.

TYCHO BRAHE
SUPPORT: PAUL O'REILLY
SAT 05 APR
WHELAN'S €10

Named after a 16th century astronomer who had his nose cut off in a duel, the Tycho Brahe are one of the more interesting acts on the Dublin circuit at the moment. They were formed early last year when ex-Plague Monkeys members Carol Keogh and Donal O'Mahony teamed up with Diarmuid MacDiarmada of the Jimmy Cake. In keeping with current trends on the local indie scene, the group's debut album, This Is, came out last year on their own label, Konstantin. Nice and short, it is a delicate ensemble of guitar, wind and electronic sounds. But the immediate point of appeal is Keogh's singing voice, which lies somewhere between Irish trad and typical indie chanteuse. The TB were recently paid the great compliment of being one of the only bands in Dublin not to get invited to the Hot Press Yearbook launch. Unfortunately they slightly ruined the effect by turning up anyway.

They may look like a trio of spas, but the Tycho Brahe are worth a listen

MAX TUNDRA & MANITOBA

SAT 5 APR
THE VILLAGE €14 + BOOK FEE

The Village's promise to keep filthy dance music out except if it's the kind you can't dance to is making good with tonight's offering. Max Tundra and flavour of the month Manitoba are two awkward enough bastards. Tundra played a well-received live gig this time last year in Vicar Street. In true Warp Records style, he's a bit of an unpredictable prankster with plenty of cryptically-named tunes which will jar the senses. Broadly speaking, he plays electronica but that probably won't prepare you for his uneasy racket. Eccentric Canadian Dan Sneith aka Manitoba is also a baffling, if slightly more accessible prospect. His If Assholes Could Fly This Place Would Be An Airport EP has cosied in nicely with the likes of Gilles Peterson, and his upcoming Up In Flames album promises to, as he puts it "stick your Folktronica tag right up your ass".

ALISON MOYET

SUPPORT: BERT JANSCH
SUN 6 APR
OLYMPIA €33.20 - €35.50

After Beth Gibbons' mighty performance in the Ambassador last month, it is tempting to start going to see old chanteuses left right and centre. But Alison Moyet does not fall into this category. Her flirtation with musical relevance in Yazoo happened more than 20 years ago, when. Vince Clarke plucked her from obscurity shortly after he quit Depeche Mode in 1981. She briefly built upon that fleeting success in her career as a solo artist but only by peddling lame middle-of-the-road covers of old standards like That Ole Devil Called Love. Since then her own much offered excuse that she's a lazy git actually rings true. Her collaborations have been unexciting to say the least (Ian Broudie produced her 1994 album Essex) and the largest chunks on her CV are spent doing fuck all. After appearing in Chicago on the West End in 2001 she returned with Hometime last year. You'll do well to find anything more boring this month - and what Bert Jansch is doing on this bill is hard to fathom.

AQUALUNG

SUN 6 APR
VICAR STREET €22.00

In the past, bands who got a break off the back of a television ad campaign would rather have died than admit they lifted their skirts to get some of that corporate action. Instead they'd regale us with the stories of how an advertising executive inadvertently overheard their song when he mistook their treehouse for an airport terminal and stumbled upon a rehearsal. Not any more. London-based Matt Hales was in a string of indie no-mark outfits before his solo offering Strange And Beautiful was used in a campaign by Volkswagen last summer. And he is quick to point out that VW are only one of a number of such 'clients' he has done business with. His band Aqualung are - for want of a more vicious insult - a bunch of Coldplay wannabes whose piano-drenched music is indeed dull enough to soundtrack the announcement of a new shampoo offer without stealing its thunder. Avoid like the plague.

MULL HISTORICAL SOCIETY

TUES 8 APR
TBMC €16

Hailing from the remote Scottish island of Mull, MHS are in an auspicious line of bands that includes the likes of Anarchy in Aran and Blasket Case. When you come from a rock with a population of 2,000, it doesn't take long before you run out of things to do - the whisky has been drunk, the ovine populace romanced, so you might as well start a band. This is what Colin Macintyre (above) did, and his band (of which he is the only permanent member) has just released its second album, Us. Having been compared with the Beta Band and the Flaming Lips, Mull Historical Society have steered clear of their more obscure tendencies and aimed for some Beach Boys style pop instead. Worth checking out.

Write for us. Send an email to gigs@theslate.ie

During a lull, he invented the Mull

FAME ACADEMY

TUES 8 MARCH
POINT THEATRE €39

Although the bottom of the barrel won't officially have been scraped until One True Voice hit Dublin, this still comes pretty close. Tonight's gig showcases the talents of BBC's Fame Academy winners, and the tickets were wisely flogged while the contest was still in progress. What we're getting here is basically a sneak preview of the top of next year's dole queues. But the plague of overexposed Billy Barry clones may soon be over. Overall winner David Sneddon did scrape the obligatory UK number one with his debut single, but it was released in January when record sales are at an annual low. And given that the first single release is usually the only money-spinner for this type of act, that is not a good sign. Lazy television executives may soon decide that producing cheap Jackass rip-offs is more lucrative than the reality pop racket. Is it too much to hope that the next generation of fame-hungry wannabes will concentrate on inflicting pain on each other instead of on us?

MARK GEARY

FRI 11 APR
THE VILLAGE €TBC

Mark Geary's 33 1/3 Grand Street has proven a considerable success in the Irish charts recently. That success is surprising not least because of the unremarkable nature of his talent. Geary is an Irish singer-songwriter who has been based in the U.S. since the mid-1990s and has become recognised as one of the best known singer-songwriters on the New York scene. Working on the not unreasonable assumption that if he can make it there, he can make it in this shitty backwater, Geary returned briefly for the launch of the album in February. And with radio support from the likes of Ray D'arcy and John Kelly it seems to have paid off. He arrives for this Irish tour no doubt refreshed from his visit to Barbados where the sap played the MTV Spring Break.

CLUTCH

FRI 11 APR
WHELAN'S €15

Over the course of their career, Maryland stoner-rock fourpiece Clutch have been charged with ripping off everyone from Faith No More and Queens Of The Stone Age to the Fun Lovin' Criminals. Worse still they've been accused of inadvertently inventing nu-metal, albeit four years too early for it to have been of any use to them. Yet 12 years and 1,000 gigs later these fat, hairy Americans have made the kind of waves only a dingy would be proud of. Their latest album Pure Rock Fury is not available in any of the record shops we visited, so we're not sure who they're expecting to turn up for this. Support is from Northern Ireland metallers Throat whose album Knevil Is Evil features guest spots from Clutch's lead singer Neil Fallon as well as Therapy frontman Andy Cairns.

LIFEHOUSE
FRI 11 APR
AMBASSADOR €21

Yet another cheesy, melancholic Christian Rock band sent to piss us off with their brutal music. Following the success of their debut album No Name Face in America, these nauseating sacks of shit have been regrettably inspired to write a second, even more repulsive album, Stanley Climbfall. It is a disgusting blend of pop and polite rock, with religious undercurrents, and an abundance of shit lyrics. Some have drawn comparisons with Pearl Jam or Soundgarden, but Lifehouse even manage to fall far short of those grunge dinosaurs. Imagine the asshole with the perm from Nickelback and you're on the right track

THE HELLACOPTERS
SUPPORT: THE PEEPSHOWS
SAT 12 APR
TBMC €18

One of the most alarming aspects of the recent explosion in new garage-rock outfits (The Hives, The Datsuns, The D4 etc.) is that suddenly the sole criteria by which these acts are judged is the one used by commentators like Beavis and Butthead or Wayne and Garth. In an inevitable reaction to all those Nirvana and Radiohead copyists who tried to pass off pretentiousness as intelligence, it is now cool to be stupid. The highest calling is for bands to rock. Anything else is just window-dressing. Which means plain sailing for Swedish riff monsters the Hellacopters ("five men, ten balls!") They aren't bandwagon-jumpers (their latest album There By The Grace Of God is their fifth) but that's no excuse. This disturbing trend could soon become an epidemic.

RADIO 4
SUPP: OUT HUD
TUE 15 APR
WHELAN'S €15.50

Musical influences can be exploited in a couple of ways. You can take a very well known band and copy then in a very subtle way like Nirvana did with the Beatles. Or you can take a very obscure band like early-80s post-punkers Gang Of Four and steal their sound wholesale, which is what Radio 4 did on their debut album Gotham. The band specialise in the same vaguely political dancefloor-friendly trash metal Primal Scream did on XTRMNTR. Then there's the obligatory New York = Cool bullshit to be mentioned, as well as their choice of moniker which is destined to cause confusion wherever it is uttered (it's actually a PiL song.) All said, if they can bring the energy and edginess of songs like Dance To The Underground and New Disco then this should be worth the asking price.

PUBLIC ENEMY
SUPPORT: FALLACY, MESSIAH J & THE EXPERT
SATURDAY 12 APR 7PM
REDBOX €20/15

THERE'S A real danger of clocking up a bittersweet experience by going to see Public Enemy in 2003 - perhaps on a par with watching Muhammad Ali's later fights. The flashes of greatness are there, but there's no denying that this was a band whose career took a nosedive and never really recovered. In-fighting, an increasingly dense, indigestible agenda and Flavor Flav's notorious run-ins with the law have dimmed their canonical status in the hip hop world and the black community in general since the mid 90s. Rap itself couldn't maintain a vision as wide as Chuck D's, and by the start of that decade had already imploded into ghetto nihilism on the one hand and sober consciousness on the other, which left PE somewhat adrift and out of time.

It's a real shame that songs like Fight The Power, Rebel Without A Pause and Don't Believe the Hype, which functioned as up-to-the-minute social commentary, calls to arms and groundbreaking music, are now mainly concert fodder for a nostalgia audience. But that's the way it is - Public Enemy are not the force they were in 1989.

On the plus side, their live show is monstrously good, and anyone who was at the Red Box in 2000 was blown clean away by it. Sometimes playing for over 3 hours, their value-for-money is almost unique at a time when live hip hop is getting a rep for rip-offs (witness Missy Elliot's outrageous four song show on a recent UK tour). Overall, it'll probably be a great performance, even if they aren't going to change the world at this point

Special mention must go to support act Fallacy, a London lad whose Groundbreaker single last year put a stick of TNT under the flabby hole of British hip-hop. Expect plenty of tracks from his new album Blackmarket Boy. Messiah J and The Expert, the two main characters in lukewarm Irish hip-hop outfit Creative Controle will be warming up.

Flav checks the time and realises they kept going 10 years too long

MICKEY JOE HARTE
WED 16 APR
VICAR ST €17

You've got to hand it to the makers of You're A Star. Although the programme was about as enjoyable as an episode of Crossroads, it kept viewers watching and (more importantly) phoning in over what felt like hundreds of episodes. This is even more remarkable when you consider the dearth of talent on show and the fact that the prize, rather than being a record contract or a flash car, was a place in a competition that practically guarantees eternal obscurity for anyone who takes part. Micky Joe Hart, the pub rocker from Lifford eventually won out over the smarmy Simon Casey and, in a hilarious instance of life imitating Father Ted, the song he'll be performing in Latvia is apparently a complete rip-off of the Danish entry from two years ago. Of course this doesn't matter a fuck sinçe Tatu will be providing the Russian entry and for all his easy-going charm the Donegal man hasn't a hope in hell against a nympho lesbian teenager act.

UPTOWN RAQUET CLUB
SUPP: CLANN ZU
SAT 19 APR 8PM
WHELAN'S €10

The URC lineup features Donnacha Costello and David Donohue, both known around Dublin for their association with D1 Recordings. However, for this side project, they give the boot to worthy but mind-numbingly serious techno and indulge their passion for 70s rock and metal. Costello and Donohue are joined by John Dermody of the Jimmy Cake on drums and some other cunt whose name escapes us. For the most part you can expect lots of proggy riffing, and if you're lucky no singing from Costello. He's got a brutal voice and wrecked one of their previous shows by trying his hand at vocals.

MURCOF
SUPP: CHEQUERBOARD, JIMMY BEHAN, KARL HIM
SUN 20 APR 5PM
THE VILLAGE €15

This is a Mexican guy who is signed to Leaf recordings and makes minimal soundscapes using orchestral samples, warpy beats and clicky sounds. This description will put many people off immediately. But if you like the ponderous, melodic stuff that Donal Dineen plays on his radio show, you'll enjoy this gig. There will be an absence of loud beats, no dirty guitars, just lots of delicate sounds and some slightly experimental bits and pieces. Not terribly challenging, but quality all the same. Things kick off at 5pm, apparently, the aim being to make some kind of day out of it with a couple of support DJs included too.

CAPDOWN
WED 23 APR
TBMC €14

Hailing from possibly the worst part of England (Milton Keynes) CapDown are a sinfully ugly four-piece who are causing a bit of a ruckus on the UK punk scene at the moment. For those who have for some reason decided to keep reading, they're not actually a bunch of boring irrelevant gits like most of these bands tend to be. Their music is a mix of experimental ska and hardcore punk, and they somehow manage to take clichéd rebel themes (like politics and capitalism) and turn them into songs that are, at the very least, interesting. Their harmonies may appear, to the untrained ear, to be totally directionless, but even skeptical newcomers are guaranteed a good show. The band's investigational approach to their music has attracted plenty of fans and their endearing displays of punk-inspired depravity have an infectious quality.

Capdown smackdown

MACEO PARKER
THURS 24 APR
TBMC €28

This guy is probably the most famous funk sax player of all time, having played at the eye of the hurricane for almost forty years. He cut his teeth with the James Brown Allstars, and then moved on to join George Clinton's Parliament/Funkadelic troupe during the genre-defining Mothership Connection tour in the mid 70s. Parker finally made the leap to a solo career in the early 90s, gaining a fine live reputation and clocking up some 250 shows a year.
If you've never heard of him, you certainly will have heard him. His is the horn on, among others James Brown's Sex Machine, Can You Get it on the Good Foot and Say it Loud I'm Black and I'm Proud, and Parliament's Give Up the Funk. He also played the flute in James Brown's Payback. As long as it doesn't turn into cheesy funk cabaret, this has the potential to be fantastic.

THE COOPER TEMPLE CLAUSE
FRI 25 APRIL 8PM
WHELAN'S €15.50

It's hard to get excited by these chaps. They've got a 'The' in their title, they're big with NME and they play retro-ish guitar music. There are too many shit bands like them around at the moment. Go to something else.

JOAN ARMATRADING
SAT 26 APR 8PM
VICAR STREET €37

Born in St. Kitt's in the West Indies but raised in the industrial West Midlands of England, Joan Armatrading was Britain's first successful black female singer-songwriter (blazing a trail later followed by such luminaries as Tazmin Archer.) Her introspective writing style and unspectacular blend of folk, soul and reggae brought her 18 gold, and 10 platinum-selling discs in seven countries (as well as two Grammy nominations) in the 1970s. But while some of her songs like Love And Affection and Drop The Pilot have proven enduring she's never really earned the kudos, or for that matter money, to become one of the British record industry's respected elder figures. Indeed by the early 1990s her endless explorations of human relationships had become so boring and samey that even her dykey hardcore following lost interest. Now in her 50s, and with an Open University degree under her belt, Armatrading returns to promote Lovers Speak - her first album in seven years.

Cooper Temple Bores

DARIUS
29 APR
VICAR STREET €27

If you have even the vaguest clue who Darius is, then it is a tribute to his unshakeable self-belief and comical singing voice. Named after a Persian king ("his dad is from Persia," we are told), the Glaswegian is the godfather of all reality TV pop contestants. What marks him out from the rest is his almost psychotic desire to succeed. He shot to fame on the original Popstars series with the carcrash that was his version of Baby One More Time. Resurfacing in Pop Idol at the end of 2001, a second televised rejection did nothing to undermine his certainty that his destiny lies in light entertainment. Resurrecting a long defunct country in order to conceal connections in the Axis Of Evil, then, is all in a day's work. Darius is a fascinating cross between Ronan Keating and the Terminator, but if his anodyne self-penned single Colourblind is anything to go by (it's a deft allusion to race relations we think) then this will be a god awful night out.

THE GO-BETWEENS
SAT 26 APR
AMBASSADOR €26.70-28.70

BASED AROUND the partnership of singer-songwriters Robert Forster and Grant McLennan, the Go-Betweens are an Australian guitar pop band from the 1980s who reformed after more than 10 years apart to issue The Friends Of Rachel Worth in 2000. Although the band are renowned as cult favorites, it is worth remembering that they tried very hard indeed (on their Tallulah and 16 Lovers Lane albums in particular) to achieve the mainstream success that they have only recently accepted was not to be theirs. Nevertheless with classic albums like Before Hollywood and Liberty Belle under their belts, they were never likely to be forgotten - as evidenced by the large turnout when they played the Olympia about two and a half years ago. Forster was suffering from a throat infection that night and didn't contribute much vocally so, as they return to promote new album Bright Yellow, Bright Orange (see review page 47), this is a great chance to catch the full-blown live phenomenon.

Do I really look like Phil Collins?

Once Off Clubbing

THE HACKER
THURSDAY 03 APRIL
METROPOLITAN €8

Like many self-respecting techno bods, Tony Hadley lookalike The Hacker began his music career pricking about in a useless experimental electronic band. He then went from the frying pan into the fire in the early 90s by turning to bastard hard French euro-core under the name XMF. In order to repent this distastrous phase he had a shot at both the Detroit and minimal techno styles but it's fair to say that no-one really gave a turd. That was until he teamed up with Miss Kitten in 2000 for their seminal (or should that be semen-al) Frank Sinatra. Appearing solo tonight, without Miss Kitten's annoying Hazel O'Connor-on-Xanax drone to piss you off, he's an attractive enough proposition. Expect plenty of International Gigolos-style electro with the occasional lapse into light-hearted 80s synthpop parody. Support from Giles Armstrong.

DJ HURRICANE
THURSDAY 03 APRIL
TBMC €10

The jolly, pie-eating DJ Hurricane was the unofficial

Ron's Mobile Kindergarten

fourth Beastie Boy for 10 years after becoming their tour DJ in 1986. His no-frills scratching and laconic voiceovers were a major feature of their 89-94 creative explosion, but then he lost the run of himself by going off and making a few albums of his own that no-one gave a mickey about. Tonight thankfully he'll be doing what he does best - rocking the sureshot with party hip hop, funk and breaks. Hurricane was originally supposed to grace us with his presence on Valentine's Day (as part of the Music Centre's deceased Farenheit 451 series of guests). He now has the good fortune to drop in on a bunch of cunts who hate hip hop almost as much as they hate dance music, Thursday's indie night Screamadelica crew. Support from Screamadelica residents.

MARK DEVLIN
FRIDAY 04 APRIL
TEMPLE THEATRE €13

Blues and Soul magazine carries a fair amount of weight on the UK urban scene, so the fact that Mark Devlin is a major long-time contributor should probably be seen as a seal of approval. We can't claim to be an expert on him but guests at this Friday night rnb club tend to be capable and entertaining. As you'd have to be to stand a chance of distracting all the terminally horny black dudes here from running around after fat white women in regrettably skimpy clothing. Support from Frank Jez.

PHUNK DUP RE-LAUNCH: FRANCOIS
FRIDAY 04 APRIL
EAMON DORAN'S €11/10

A year is a long time on the Dublin club scene, as the Phunk Dup boys will testify. Just over twelve months ago they were bounced from Wednesday night in Switch up to Saturday before being bounced back to Fridays in August and finally bounced out of the place on their arses recently. Shaking the dust (and whatever else might have been picked up on the manky Switch floor) off their sandals, Dean Sherry and Barry Dempsey are re-launching the popular house and techno night this month. Sadly, it's being hosted in one of the city's lethal bangers, Eamonn Doran's - a death zone for any vibe not fuelled by Guinness and guitars. The launch night highlights their consistent backing of good local talent - old timers Francois and Warren K are guaranteed to entertain you with quality techno ranging from funky to rattling with plenty of classics squeezed in. Doran's aside, should be a decent night.

DJ STORM
FRIDAY 04 APRIL
TIVOLI €TBC

Possibly the biggest tragedy to hit drum n bass in its history - and a sad moment for dance music in general - was the motor accident which killed Storm's DJ-ing partner Kemistry in 1999 as they were both on the way home from a gig. Aside from the loss of Kemistry - who was Goldie's ex-girlfriend and who first brought him to Rage, switching him on to hardcore - Storm was faced with going it alone after nearly ten years of playing together. But even without her partner she's still a strong force on the global dnb scene and an excellent DJ who - as she generally played before Kemistry - is particularly good at building an atmosphere from either tough or mellow drum n bass. Good to see more and more jungle cropping up in the Tivoli too. Support from Razor.

FUTURESHOCK
FRIDAY 04 APRIL
SPIRIT €15

What British big-room dullards Futureshock have done to warrant so many Dublin gigs in such a short period of time is anyone's guess, but then again how many people in Spirit even noticed they were playing last time round? Expect out-of-date prog and maybe some tech-house. Or just don't go. Support from Spirit Residents.

RON'S MOBILE DISCO LIVE
SATURDAY 05 APRIL
TBMC €9/€5 BEFORE 12

If you're feeling in any way guilty about enjoying yourself all weekend while the poor folks starve - don't bother. But if you happen to be a particularly lame type of person, the Music Centre are running this techno night in aid of Concern. Headlining this do-gooders gig is Ron's Mobile Disco, whose live sets have been an ever-improving feature on the Dublin scene over the past few years. Although no music is actually played live (his own material is mixed using laptops instead of turntables) this doesn't make Ron any different from most 'live' techno artists and it works well. Support from Azreal, Mr. K, and Vinyl Matt.

CHRISTIAN SMITH AND MR C
SATURDAY 05 APRIL
TIVOLI €16.90

The last time Christian Smith's played over here, all he got was a paltry one hour set at Creamfields, nowhere near long enough for his decade-long seasoning behind the decks to come across. The low-key Swede has been responsible - alongside production partner John Selway - for some fine tech-house, including Move, Yess and the scorching Mayhem mix of their own Weather. When the mood takes him, he can travel from the ear-bending excesses of techno right back to funky house and pull it off. Despite his ubiquity, many feel that tonight's other guest Mr C hasn't put in a decent performance over here for quite some time - his set at Creamfields last year being the exception. You can still be certain though that he'll wiggle his fingers, spout the odd bit of cockney gibberish into a mic and play the latest (if maybe not the greatest) funky techno. Support from Influx residents.

Send pills and other drugs to The Slate, PO Box 8907, Dublin 2

SANDY RIVERA
SATURDAY 5 APRIL
RED BOX €20

Just when we thought that Sandy Rivera's ugly non-contribution to house music - Finally (as Kings Of Tomorrow) - had coughed up its guts and died, along comes Tim Deluxe. Already a man with a few crimes committed against dance music, Terrible Tim outdid himself by tacking Finally's portentous female vocal onto Layo and Bushwacka's miserable Love Story. Cue a giant, shit-eating chart monster. And once again, Finally was offending your taste on radios and in clubs everywhere. To be fair to him, Rivera had nothing to do with this and has recently repaired his reputation a bit with the follow-up, Changes, but the bottom line tonight is nothing more than stodgy US house, heavy on the vocals. Support from Robbie Butler.

ANDERSON NOIZE
SATURDAY 5 APRIL
BODKINS €7

This little known techno bloke hails from Belo Horizonte in Brazil, so you can imagine what he'll think of the significantly less exotic Bodkins. Founder of the Noise Music label, promoter and recording artist (often with Renato Cohen in tow), Anderson is your main man for techno in South America. If you think that means his sets will be chock-full of colourful carnival breakdowns, rest easy - his techno might as well have been made in Berlin or even Booterstown for all the Brazilian influence it shows. Expect a good solid night of techno without any of the samba frolics favoured by his compatriot, DJ Marky. Support from Azrael, most recently seen embarrassing himself badly in front of techno god Kevin Saunderson.

write for us muthafuckas

clubbing@theslate.ie

THATBOYTIM
SUNDAY 6 APRIL
GRAYS FREE

A blink-and-you'll-miss-it Southern DJ-ing debut from Belfast's ThatBoyTim of TakeOver Records. The label itself saw success recently when Agent Foot & Tyrell's electro-funk number Together In The Dark showed up on Keith Tenniswood's excellent Fabric 07 mix CD, but no-one knows anything about Tim. We're promised it will be a funk, soul and reggae sort of affair. Sounds decent enough for a Sunday night pint. Support from DJ Brody.

12 INCH THUMPERS
FRIDAY 11 APRIL
TEMPLE THEATRE €15

One thing's for sure and that's that these boys will give you a 12 inch fucking headache if you go down to the Temple tonight without knowing what to expect. Andy and Phil 12 Inch are relative newcomers to the hard house scene but have been making up for that with savage little numbers on their own 12 Inch Thumper Recordings, Sundissential and Tidy Trax' bootleg department, Tidy Whites. Yes it is manic music to lepp about to while rattling with pills but you don't have to be told that, do you? Support from Mark Kavanagh and Alan Pullen.

COLM FRANCIS
FRIDAY 11 APRIL
TEMPLE THEATRE €13

A true miracle of the dance music community, rnb jock Colm Francis holds the distinction of being the only DJ with no head. Despite being beheaded in a tragic kayaking accident, he's gone on to rock dancefloors all over the UK and Vestax have specially designed the Colm Francis Uniphone, a single-pad headphone which fits snugly over the stump. OK, so it's a lie, but since nobody knows a fucking thing about him who cares? Support from Frank Jez.

JULIAN LIBERATOR
FRIDAY 11 APRIL
SIDEWALK CAFE €13

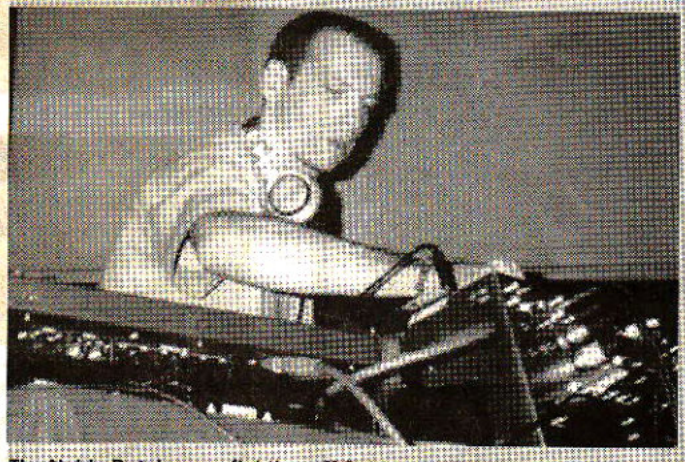
The London Acid City free party crew - featuring Julian and Chris Liberator - most likely developed the free party scene because you couldn't give them away to a club. That was the mid 90s. More recently acid techno has been slowly morphing into hard techno, and Julian has been getting exposed to a much wider audience. His record label 4X4 has been getting airplay from the likes of both DJ Rush and Judge Jules. In fact he's probably the only person in dance music that can claim both of them as fans. Acid techno, for those unaware, is about as fast and hyper as you can possible get away with making ordinary techno, then throwing the added snarl of overdriven 303s on top. A good night to go cheerily deaf to. Support from Giles Armstrong.

SECRET CINEMA
SATURDAY 12 APRIL
SWITCH €15

THE DUTCH - despite being a pack of Babylonian savages - have made a less than distinguished contribution to dance music. They've given us Ferry Corsten, 2 Unlimited, MTV Party Zone's clueless muppet Simone Angel (who in her own right is responsible for a clutch of disgusting records) and - crime of crimes - gabba. Maybe their poor show is down to the fact that they spend all their time hitting each other with inflatable hammers while banjo-ed on a powerful combination of heroin and lighter fuel that you can buy across the counter in the local newsagents.

Thankfully, there are some noble Dutchmen out there, battling to improve the shameful rep of their countryland - Orlando Vroon, Steve Rachmad, Touche Records and our man tonight, Jeroen Verreulj aka Secret Cinema. He released two extraordinary records in 1994. Timeless Attitude (as Secret Cinema) took the bitch-slap of European techno and flooded it with warmth and soulful mystery - up until recently, it was a tough enough record to get hold of, despite denting the top 40 all over the continent. As Grooveyard, his Watch Me Now hooked two classic block-party samples (from The Jimmy Castor Bunch and Bob James) into a gritty tech-funk rhythm. Both were miles ahead of their time and still get played by DJs today

He hasn't quite reached those heights since but has been putting out decent banging techno that's well worth a boogie to. Tonight will most likely see him take his two laptops behind the decks at Switch for a semi-live show of original material. This calibre of guest bodes well for Techno.ie's new Saturday night residency here at Switch. Support from Techno.ie residents.



The Noble Dutchman - fighting off Gabba and Trance

FREDDY FRESH

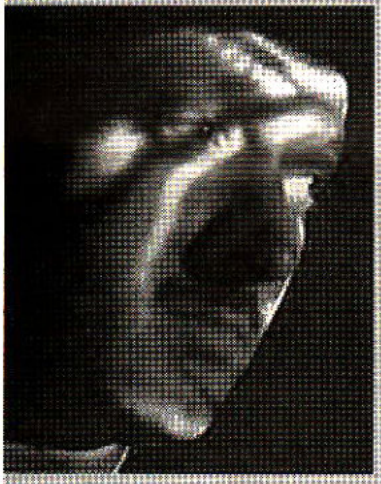
SUNDAY 20 APRIL
THE VILLAGE €15

WITH ONE of the most fascinating and prolific careers in dance music behind him, Federico Schmidt - Freddy Fresh - can rest easy in the knowledge that he probably won't be remembered for any of it. Instead, he'll go down in dance history as the man who said "Fatboy Slim is fucking in heaven" on Norman Cook's You've Come A Long Way Baby album.

Legend has it that the mustachio'd Minnesotan has racked up over 200 releases since first messing around with hip hop in the early 80s - most discography's give up the ghost at around 100 and even Freddy admits he can't recall them all himself. His hit collaboration with Fatboy - 1998's Badder Badder Shwing - is effortlessly the worst thing either of them have done, giving him an undeserved reputation as a bubblegum big beat merchant.

In fact there's probably no one out there who can boast such an eclectic (and frankly odd) mix of styles from old-skool hip hop, electro and freestyle to Aphex Twin style techno, egghead electronica, latin, rock and disco. Usually in the one set. Thankfully he's been persuaded to calm it the fuck down and concentrate on his gobsmacking old-skool collection due to last years B-Boy Stance book and CD project. The book is an exhaustive directory of hip hop recordings from 1979 to 1988, while the accompanying mix CD is a treasure of early and obscure rap and electro, joined up with some of Freddy's trademark loop-cuts.

It's a safe one that he'll be playing mainly this kind of stuff tonight, but be ready to dive for cover if the knuckle-duster techno comes out. Support from Liberation residents.



Fresh-faced Freddy

THE SCRATCH PERVERTS

SATURDAY 12 APRIL
RED BOX €20

The UK's foremost turntablist team of Tony Vegas, Prime Cuts and Plus One do outrageous things to records. Vegas in particular more or less invented what's now called 'the hamster' - utilising the reverse crossfader option on a Vestax mixer, previously reserved for maniacs and people who'd switched it on by accident. Individually they're all top notch but, as a unit, they're a riot - eminently watchable even if you think scratching is pants. Just how the Red Box are going to deliver the 'six deck action' promised when the DJ box can barely accommodate the three decks that are currently fitted is not clear. Local hip hop sycophants should apply to Harcourt St. for the position of holding a turntable steady for two hours. Support TBC.

TRISTEN POLAR VS DAVID CARR

SATURDAY 12 APRIL
BODKINS FREE

Not a massive amount is known about Tristen Polar other than that he's a chap from up north who does a neat line in original live techno. Not a million miles away from local boy Derek Carr who, surprisingly enough, he's pitted against tonight in a friendly Let Loose vs Nice n Nordy head to head. Expect a decent night of techno in its various shades, backed up by DJs from both camps. And it's free, so you can't really go that far wrong.

LISA LASHES

SATURDAY 12 APRIL
TEMPLE THEATRE €20

Hard house seems to be full of Lisas. Maybe if our Mark Kavanagh and Alan Pullen changed their names to Lisa, a space would magically open for them on the hard house elite stage. This particular Lisa is a dangerous woman who is well practised at putting the 'lash' into Lashes. One of hard house's old guard, she's been knocking out vicious helium-addled ragers for Tidy Trax since the label began in the mid-90s. Her mixing and tunes are good enough to make mincemeat of the Temple faithful and tonight is certainly a good bet for no-nonsense raving. You'd still have to be some fucking expert to distinguish between her and most other hard house jocks, let alone the ones who are also called Lisa. Support TBC.

Lisa Lashes accompanied by one of her breasts

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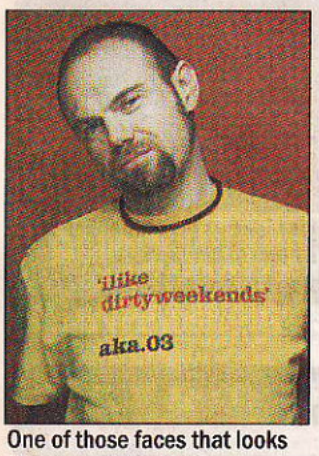
JOEY NEGRO
SUNDAY 20 APRIL
SPRIT €20

Step forward the UK's original Disco Stu. Although DJ Sneak has done a lot of blowing lately about how he invented disco house back in the early 90s, this goddamn limey had the cheek to beat him to it by a couple of years. Joey Negro (below, right) was already experimenting with disco samples over house beats by the late 80s, and he continued to do this with style until about 3 years ago. Then he either had a few little Negros to feed or just got bored of not being rich, because he fucked



One of those faces that looks like someone's hole

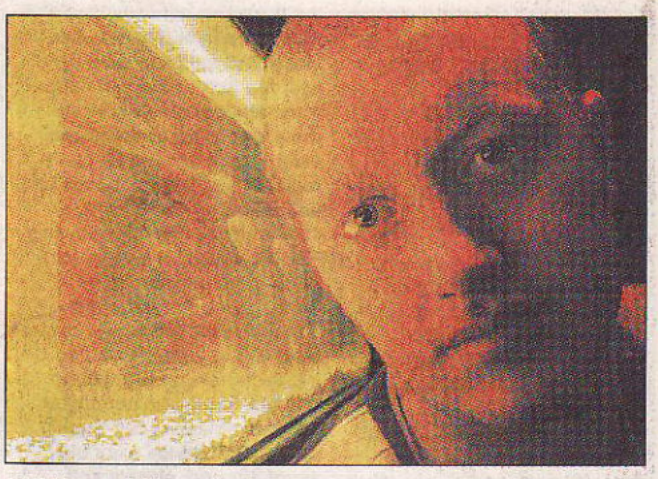
the disco in the bin and started producing Dad-friendly corpo-house. Tunes like American Dream (as Jakatta) and Real Life (as Raven Maize) were blatantly aimed straight at the charts and TV travel programmes. But he went down well in the Tivoli last year and he's still knocking out the underground stuff on the sly - as a recent Nite:Life compilation mix proved - so fingers crossed that's what you'll get tonight. Support from Spirit residents.

DEEP DISH & DIMITRI FROM PARIS
SUNDAY 20 APRIL
RED BOX €TBC

Deep Dish are apparently going to lash in with a 4 1/2 hour set for this Easter spectacular. And for once, the notion of a DJ playing for that long shouldn't send clubbers scuttling for the door. Unlike Digweed (see elsewhere in the once offs), Washington's Deep Dish don't play the same record for six hours or until everyone in the club is dead, whichever comes sooner. They have a special knack for the long set, having been known to pitch deep techno cuts down into the house mix and even go mad with a bit of mellow drum n bass in their time. The core of their sound though, is that chunky, luxurious house roll which adds a bit of glamour to the traditional Masters At Work tribal stumble. Better again, Dimitri From Paris should glitz up the Pod no end with the kind of elegant US house he reserves for his DJ gigs. If you've only been exposed to the Gallic quirkiness of his albums, get down to this and see him in full, strutting Playboy Mansion effect. Support from Robbie Butler and Billy Scurry.

PHIL KIERAN
FRIDAY 25 APRIL
EAMONN DORAN'S TBC

Right now, Phil Kieran is Ireland's Man Of The Moment - that's if you count the nordies as Irish. He's been accumulating airplay, compliments, gigs, releases and awards like the dreaded next big thing he is. Before anyone starts hooting and waving flags, it should be noted that his successful tunes have so far relied on samples that were knackered before most of the average club crowd hit puberty. Rocket science it isn't. Further grumbling has been heard about his mixing


Phil Kieran in his sunbed

(sometimes completely absent) but the basic fact is he'll deliver - tech-y house and filthy electro that you won't start any arguments with. Support from Dean Sherry.

STRETCH TAYLOR
FRIDAY 25 APRIL
TEMPLE THEATRE €13

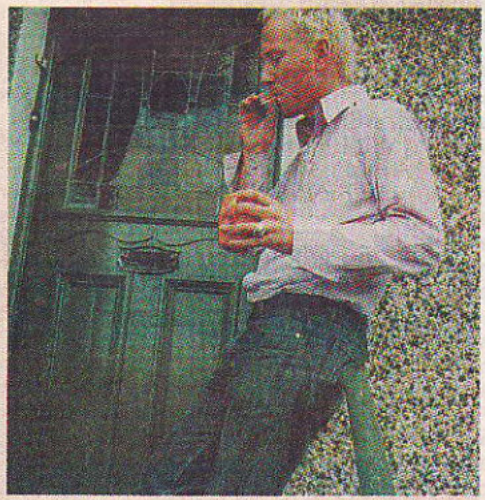
It ain't broke so the Temple certainly ain't fixing it. This lad was only over in February and before that in December. The 'Stretch' in his name now refers to the way he stretches the credibility of the phrase 'special guest' to its limit. Expect a good selection of the latest rnb and dancefloor hip hop mixed well - not to mention a sprinkling of old skool street soul that should have the regular crowd of Nigerians and teenagers scratching their heads. Support from Frank Jez.

PAUL RICHARDS
FRIDAY 25 APRIL
SPIRIT €15

Nobody knew anything about Paul Richards when he played in October and we certainly haven't bothered our cunts finding anything out since. Fifty quid out of our own pockets if you can prove that he's played anywhere but his local pub. Five hundred if you can prove he's related to someone who works in Spirit. Support from Spirit residents.

DAVID HOLMES & SHY FX
SATURDAY 19 APRIL
TIVOLI €16.90

The last time David Holmes played in Dublin, he shrugged out a lame selection of stale techno and too-clever-by-half oddities, and succeeded in alienating the few fans he has left here. There were people to be found afterwards who actually wished he'd played one of his dreaded Northern Soul sets. Tonight he's on strict instructions to play 'an alternative set' which sounds even worse. Thankfully, the Tivoli have had the good sense to stick him upstairs out of harms way. On the main stage is an explosive drum n bass double up. London's Shy FX boasts a back catalogue groaning with d n b classics (This Style, Original Nuttah, Bambaataa) and he recently hit the charts alongside old labelmate T-Power with the latin stormer Shake Ur Body. It's rare enough to see him behind the decks in Ireland and his DJ instincts are as deathly accurate as his productions so it's a real treat. As if that wasn't enough, Metalheadz protégé J Magik will also be here showcasing the latest trend in drum n bass - disco. His scalding remix of Hatrias' Spaced Invader and his own Loleatta Holloway-mangling 24 Hours spearheaded the use of house vocals and mirrorball licks that's currently glamming up the drab jungle scene. Recommended.


David Holmes - from Northern Soul to up his hole

DAVE ANGEL
SATURDAY 26 APRIL
TBMC **€20**

Techno veteran Dave Angel is a sociological rarity in dance music - a South Londoner who has no time for hip hop, 2-step or drum n bass but, unlike most of the garage posturers from his manor, actually has had genuine brushes with the law, including two spells in jail. Fusing his obsessions with jazz and Detroit techno throughout the 90s has been Angel's great achievement and it's resulted in some terrific records, like the classic Original Man. For a while there he was miles ahead of his Detroit heroes but he's gravitated disappointingly towards anonymous tech-funk in the last year or two. If you're used to the gentle bubble of his own material, take note that he plays out much harder and doesn't necessarily even play his own stuff. Support from GmcD.

MIKE PUSH
SATURDAY 26 APRIL
TEMPLE THEATRE **€20**

Belgian Dirk Dierickx is a man with a bizarre horn for the name Mike. He started his DJing career calling himself Mike, then ran his early productions under the acyronym M.I.K.E before just going the whole hog and changing his name legally to Mike Dierickx. Regardless of what he calls himself, his music - hard trance with a sadistic edge - is almost guaranteed to mortally offend most of you readers out there. And given that his record label, Lightening, went tits up last month due to mp3 piracy, he'll probably be in a very bad mood so watch your ears. Support TBC.

EROL ALKAN
SATURDAY 26 APRIL
RED BOX **€20**

The way Erol Alkan has blown up in the last year makes the average suicide bomber look like a wet ball of candy floss. His Monday night rock/dance/bastard pop night at The End, Trash is now one of the hottest clubs in the country (though it's a safe bet it's jammed full of wankers every week), he's playing out 6 nights a week, being photographed for Vogue and being propositioned by the dodgy old likes of Anastacia. What's the secret? Well, from his January gig in the Red Box, it seems the trick is keeping the crowd happy with an accessible blend of house, electro, punky-disco and bootlegs. Saturday night regulars should be hilariously baffled when he digs out the grunge and punk records mid-set. Be warned though - we heard at the last minute that this gig is going to be cancelled, but the Red Box are denying it.

RONI SIZE
FRIDAY 25 APRIL
TBMC €TBC

Bonnie Prince Roni

WITH jungle/drum n bass celebrating its 10th anniversary this year, most of its original elite have deepened so far into stereotype you could stick them in Madame Tussaud's. Goldie, Grooverider, LTJ Bukem, Hype, Fabio - just the names by themselves will conjure up an instant image and sound in the minds of your average junglist. Roni Size is, of all of them, the most difficult to pin down and that makes him a far more interesting proposition.

His early stuff on V Recordings and Full Circle is curiously timeless and idiosyncratic compared to the urban psychedelia that was pumping through London's pirates and raves at the same time. Yet it still rocked - in a lazy-lidded Bristolian way, utilizing the city's natural resources of soul, funk, reggae and blues.

When he accepted the 1996 Mercury Music Prize on behalf of the Reprazent crew for New Forms, it was the best and worst thing that could have happened to him. Best because he was presumably made for life. Worst because he became the figurehead for Reprazent, so while Krust, Die and Suv stayed underground, developing their art without the glare of the music media, Roni was stuck with all the pressure, making a credible follow up almost impossible.

His recent solo album, Solid Ground is full of marvelous fractal, chiming motifs and snaking basslines, and not without its fair share of rave hoovers. It is a testament to his talent, but because it's not New Forms 2, no one's listening. He's not usually considered a great DJ, but in fact he can work a mix really hard, with a distinct edge in terms of surprises and thrills. Give the poor lad a whirl tonight - he deserves it. Support TBC.

MILES HOLLOWAY
SATURDAY 26 APRIL
THE BAR **€8/FREE BEFORE 9**

Deep purist U.S. house was the last thing on most clubbers' agenda back in the mid-90s - that era of drum n bass, trip hop, fire-breathing techno and Scooter. Still, Miles Holloway and his DJ/production partner Elliot Eastwick made a tidy living out of just that with Hard Times, the Leeds superclub which specialised in all things chunky and garage-y. These days, the two of them run one of the UK's better quality house labels, Paper Recordings, and record together as Salt City Orchestra. Eastwick was here just before Christmas and if you saw him, you'll know what to expect from his cohort. A sweaty night of uncompromising, interesting house with the odd electro-funk injection. Go early to avoid the door tax. Support from Bodytonic residents.

BILLY NASTY
SATURDAY 26 APRIL
TIVOLI **€16.90**

It's amazing how popular a mediocre DJ can become if you just shove him down people's throats for long enough. Take Billy Nasty for instance. The same Dublin promoters, Influx have been dutifully bringing him over here for 10 years - he's never been any better than OK, and yet the faithful show up every time. Like Darren Emerson, he started out playing progressive house and trance and when it became embarrassingly unfashionable, moved to techno. Also like Emerson, you look at him now and wonder how the fuck did he ever get this far? More interesting is his Tortured Records label which puts out good Euro techno and electro and whose stable features three-deck wonderkid Umek - a man who could show Nasty a thing or two about his own game. Expect decent techno and lacklustre DJing. Support from Influx residents.

ARIL BRIKHA
SATURDAY 26 APRIL
BODKINS **€10**

What's known about Aril Brikha could comfortably be written on the nob of your average technohead. He grew up with the typical Euro-synth influences of Front Line Assembly and Depeche Mode, but then realised he wanted to make Detroit-style techno, and was shunned in his native Sweden forever. It was Derrick May himself who saved Aril's bacon by putting out his Art Of Vengeance EP and debut album Departure In Time on Transmat. Brikha's debut Irish live set tonight should tickle the eardrums of Motor City techno fans, being shamelessly derivative but still decent enough quality to stop him short of becoming a one man Detroit tribute band. Support from Let Loose residents.

CULCHIE CORNER

WHAT TO DO IF YOU'RE STUCK DOWN WITH THE SAVAGES

SMOKIN JO
SATURDAY 05 APRIL
DOLAN'S, LIMERICK €16

An expert in creating the deep backroom vibe, Smokin' Jo will no doubt demonstrate why she was a Ministry Of Sound resident for years with a set spanning chugging warmup house to mild tribal. Should hold the natives' attention long enough for you to get out without being kidnapped or shot.

GILLES PETERSON
SATURDAY 12 APRIL
BAR CUBA, GALWAY €15

The minority of boggers that aren't pill munching headbangers should be delighted with a visit from BBC Radio 1's Mr World Music. Despite that ugly tag, Gilles Peterson really is the definition of eclectic. You can expect pretty much anything with a warm, live groove from Manitoba to the latest in jazzy 2-step. Tickets available in Big Brother.

JUSTIN ROBERTSON
SATURDAY 12 APRIL
FORUM, WATERFORD €10

It's a good time to catch Robbo as he's on fire, playing house in the mode of his killer new Ruckus Juice EP. Still, to be on the safe side, sneak a look in his record box and don't let him near the DJ booth if there's any northern soul or shit techno in there.

Are you a bogger with a gig on? Then let us know by emailing clubbing@theslate.ie

PRIME CUTS
SUNDAY 13 APRIL
GPO, GALWAY €8

See p31 for Scratch Perverts preview (he's one of them)

IAN POOLEY
SATURDAY 19 APRIL
FORUM, WATERFORD €10

Sometimes this German lad's particular fusion of house and techno can come off sounding a bit old and indistinct, but he's a decent enough party DJ. His recent Excursions mix CD will be the template tonight, but if he finishes his set like the CD - with Mandy Smith's brutal I Just Can't Wait - throw a bottle at him.

KERRI CHANDLER
SUNDAY 20 APRIL
SAVOY, CORK €15

The Emperor Of Langsavage returns to his spiritual hometown for a night of excellent, Jersey-style nitegrooves mixed like a dream. If this was in Sir Henry's, we'd have the ultimate Cork deep house cliché on our hands.

POLSKA
THURSDAY 24 APRIL
THE GLOBE, CORK €8

One of Bassbin's success stories, Polska has been putting out smart drum n bass on the UK's Inperspective Records and should deliver a confident live set to the two Corkmen and a dog that are into drum n bass.

SPACE DJS
FRIDAY 25 APRIL
CLUB RENAISSANCE, CORK €10

For once you could count yourself lucky to be stuck in terrible Cork for the night - the Space DJs (Ben Long and Bandulu's Jamie Bissmire) don't play in Dublin very often so if you're in the area, get down to this godforsaken club and enjoy their 4-deck techno scratch attack.

Regular Clubbing

MONDAYS

RIRA
STRICTLY HANDBAG €7

With Sunday clubbing now banned by the cops (see page 18), this mainstay of the Monday scene will be even more rammed with waiters, students, and other desperate types who can't let go of the weekend. Music is usually of the 80s persuasion. Last review February 2003

SOHO
THIRD LEVEL €7.50

All drinks €2.50.

SWITCH
JUSTIFIED €8

The long running gay night finally got the chop last month to make way for this. DJ Alf's old school Shaft connections are being pushed heavily so expect plenty of handbag and old bender house anthems. Watch out for Colin Farrell pretending to relive his Shaft days as a 'fookin mad E head'. Double vodka and Red Bull €7.50. Review next month.

TUESDAYS

RIRA
BUMP 'N' HUSTLE €7

Hip hop, soul and funk - it's Rira, it's a successful formula with a decent crowd, it's always the same - does it matter who is playing? Last reviewed July 2002

SPY
SUN ZOOM SPARK €5/ FREE B4 11.30

Singer-songwriter night which is given a special Spy flavour by the occasional presence of tit-wanks like Stephen Gately. Apart from that, it's reasonably enjoyable. Selected cocktails 2 for the price of one, 4 cocktail shots for a tenner. Last review March 2003

TIVOLI
FRIDGE LITE €8/7/5

Midweek gay extravaganza with brutal music, young enough crowd, and a completely bizarre strip show in the middle. Vodka and Red Bull €4. Last review March 2003

SPI BAR
INTERCOURSE €5/3

Yet another student night in the lonely quayside venue giving first years and everyone who was too scruffy to get into the Clifton Court Hotel an opportunity to get bladdered to commercial pop and dance before getting mugged in the laneway next door. Was closed when we went last month so we'll review it next time if it's open.

TBMC
SALSA CLUB €5

Follow-on club to the salsa classes being held in the Music Centre from 7pm-10.30pm.

TRAFFIC
LA CADAVRE €6

A very poncy name for what turns out to be a new night of hammering electro and techno from DJ Skatter and guests. Review next month.

WEDNESDAYS

FIREWORKS
ER €7/6 WITH STUDENT ID

The only complicated thing about this student night is trying to figure out what the fuck the nurses theme is all about. Apart from that, it's a simple enough formula - lots of people trying to bone each other, lots of drink, and some competent DJs knocking out a combo of chart crap and old classics by the likes of Guns and Roses and the House of Pain. Last review March 2003

PARNELL MOONEY
FIREHOUSE SKANK €5

Talk of a venue change for the Firehouse Sound System seems to have abated. Rightly so - this quality dub reggae night is bang at home in the Parnell Mooney's foggy basement. Last reviewed September 2002

RIRA
U-TURN €7

Smooth rnb from Cork veterenarian Stevie G alonside Colm Kenefick. Saddam Hussein and Funboy 3 can be found breakdancing on the bar upstairs.

SPY
SLOWLY, SURELY €TBC

Taking the prize for the most cuntish name to grace the door of a club in years, this features live jazz bands like The Company and The Justin Carroll Organic. Will probably last about as long as a 14 year old Italian lad on Viagra. Review next month.

TEMPLE THEATRE
MIA €7/5
FREE B4 12.15 W. GOLDCARD

This is more 'student'-labelled crap - predictable charty music, lots of drunk 1st year students. No better or worse than any other comparable night. Decent rnb with Frank Jez downstairs though. All longnecks €3. Last reviewed October 2002

TIVOLI
GENIUS €7/5 STUDENTS

Once an unstoppably popular techno night in the defunct Kitchen nightclub, Genius has been more up-and-down since it moved to the Tivoli. The music policy has been watered down / broadened depending on your viewpoint, and now you can expect housey stuff as well as the usual bang bang techno. Residents Geoff Walters, Peter Loop and Bubbles. All drinks €3. Last review October 2002

GEORGE
SPACE N VEDA €7 AFTER 10PM

Alternative cabaret from thundering queen Veda Beau Reeves followed by rnb from Rocky T Delgado and old music from Dandelion.

SOHO
THIRD LEVEL €7.50/5

Yet another attempt to corrupt the youth of Dublin by trapping them in an ugly function room, blaring pop music into their ears and throwing gargle at them for next to nothing. All drinks €2.50. Review next month.

SWITCH
FUNKY KINGSTON €6

New reggae night in Temple Bar's creme de la creme of kips. We know fuck all about this but you have to admire the cocky bastards for taking on Firehouse Skank on their own manor. Review next month.

RED BOX
YOYO €5/ FREE BEFORE 11.30/ **LADIES FREE BEFORE MIDNIGHT**

A great new opportunity for pissed students to embarrass themselves trying to dance to rnb played by DJ Rob Martin. Sidekicks €2.50, Miller/ Cashels €2.50, Vodka and Red Bull €6.40 Review next month.

VIVA
MILK PLUS €4

Student-driven carry-on with the usual immoral drinks promotions but a more varied music selection of rock, hip-hop and funk promised. Selected beer and alcopops €3 Review next month.

COYOTE
MONKEY FUNK €5/2

This 'International student night' seems to be mainly populated by horny Irish men who have got it into their heads that foreign ladies will take pity where Irish women have shown only disdain. Apparently there were a lot of foreigners there the night we went, but they all got the 2am bus home. Fucking cheap with a flyer though.

www.theslate.ie is our website. It is, however, dull so we're not recommending it

THURSDAYS

COYOTE
SWANK €5

Possibly the whitest RnB night in town, with a dancefloor full of uncoordinated paddies auditioning for the Ja Rule video they'll never be in. Jazz FM DJ Pure Silk knocks out Dre, J-Lo, Destiny's Child and pretty much every other RnB megahit from the last half decade. Last reviewed February 2003

FIREWORKS
WARM UP €FREE

Blod

GEORGE
SONGS FROM THE LAST CENTURY €8/10

Or Shit You Didn't Like The First Time 'Round. 80s and 90s disco with DJ Stuart Jackson. Review next month.

METROPOLITAN
ELECTRIC CITY €5

Electro night in this new, small, red basement club. Was dismally short on numbers when we went along on their first night but the music was good so we'll give it an update next month. Last reviewed March 2003

REDBOX
REVOLVER €7/6

If someone ever decides to make an advert for never going near Red Bull again, all they'll have to do is walk around this place and poke the camera into a few of the testosterone-shrivelled student faces that are grimacing at each other across the dancefloor. A most unpleasant and aggressive atmosphere, which isn't helped by the head-melting mud that pours out of the decks at the behest of DJs Al Gibbs and Ian Clarke. €2 for selected pints, double vodka and Redbull €6.40. Last reviewed February 2003

RIRA
FUNK OFF €8

Chemical Ali rocks the party downstairs with his sidekick DJ Halabja. You can expect a smooth blend of heavy metal and Bhangra.

SOHO
THIRD LEVEL €7.50/5

Pegs do what they do best - encourage fights and teen pregnancies with their cheap booze nights. All drinks €2.50

SPI BAR
DISFUNKTION €4

Promising house night with newcomer Paul Hughes, Paul Kelly and live percussion. Good proximity to Nitelinks for falling out ratarsed at closing time and rolling onto a bus. Review next month.

Two bouncers decide to have a go at this DJing lark. Actually it's Barry Dempsey and Dean Sherry from Phunk D'Up

SPIRIT
RAPTURE €10/5

Why are there queues outside this distasteful rubbish dump on a Thursday? The mixture of disfigured looking podium dancers, average music and asshole students make it a most univiting proposition. Last reviewed January 2003

SPY
SOUL PATROL €7 / FREE B4 11.30

Soul Patrol has a top quality roster of house DJs (including Padraig Disconaut, Nello Romano, Stef Hoffman and Billy Scurry) which is completely wasted on a dancefloor full of trendy squares who clearly aren't taking any pills. Last reviewed February 2003

SUGAR CLUB
LAUGHING CLUB €15/8

Comedy night. Followed by fogeyish rock club Rewind except the last week of every month when an even more reactionary bunch of tossers move in for a mod night called Mojo. Last reviewed by Alexander the Great.

SWITCH
BAM BAM €7

This club is run by Power FM and their excellent DJs knock out a good midweek mix of mainly house tunes. However, the fact that the station has been off the air for a couple of months has been hitting numbers pretty badly. Apparently Power will be back up and running in the next few weeks, so hopefully the club will pick up again then. Recommended. Pints €1.90, all shots €3. Last reviewed March 2003

TBMC
SCREAMADELICA €6.50/5.50

This indie disco has been limping along badly for quite a while, so they are trying to liven it up by bringing over some mod-type DJ crew called Groove Harder from London once a month. A feature of this monthly visit is that a celebrity of sorts turns up and plays his records for the frothy excitement of the assembled haircuts. (See club gossip for news of Shaun Ryder's pathetic turn last month). Last reviewed March 2003.

TIVOLI
DISCOBALL €7/6/5

More mediocre student antics. Crowds vary. Dodgy music, dodgy venue. All drinks €3. Last reviewed November 2002.

TRAFFIC
DIVERSION €8

New gay night with no stated music policy beyond house. Review next month

VOODOO
PLAYAZ BALL €5

Funkmaster Lee is the resident lunatic here, and RnB the musical style (as you might have gathered from the night's understated name). Lee specialises in dancing around the stage like a demented scarecrow while the music is playing. Used to be on Saturdays.

FRIDAYS

EAMONN DORANS
PHUNK DUP €11/10

DJs Dean Sherry and Barry relocate their house and techno night from Switch to Eamonn Dorans, where we confidently predict it will go down worse than a streaker at Mass. Review next month. April line up: 4th - Launch Party featuring Francois and Warren K; 11th - Gedge and Gint; 18th - Phunk Dup Soundsystem Live; 25th - Phil Kieran.

FRAZERS
TECHNO/SKA €10

Two wildly differing nights happening on alternate weeks. Wonder what happens if the faithful get the dates wrong? We reckon the shit goes down big time. Review next month.

GAIETY
LATE NIGHT CLUB €12

This place used to be reasonably cool about five years ago but now it's dull. Salsa and other kinds of music predominate, and a slightly older crowd get drunk. Goes on til about 4am. Last review November 2002

FRIDAYS cont.

GEORGE
FLUFFY €9

Kylie and Liberty X remixes from DJ Fluffy in a fairly gay atmosphere. Review next month.

ISAAC BUTT
SUPREME €FREE

Rock based night for young indie fans. Place isn't the nicest but it works well for this kind of thing - lots of drinking, air guitar and singing along. Good night. Last reviewed November 2002.

LOBO
ULTRA LOUNGE €10/13 WHEN GUEST

A sometimes interesting music policy which includes lots of downtempo noodling is totally wasted on the twats that frequent this nasty posh hole.

METROPOLITAN
HUSTLE €10

Long running house, disco and fuk night for auld fellas sets up camp in this new Eden Quay joint. Billy Scurry and Mark Dixon are residents.

POD
HAM €10/8

One of the few homo options in the city which has a music policy, this is anchored by Tonie Walsh, Shay Hannon and Hugh Scully who play mainly house music. Good crowds, decent option. Last review November 2002

REDBOX
FRIDAYS @ REDBOX €TBC

Nothing regular here since the departure of the 110th Street culchies back to Galway where they belong. Expect a new night featuring regular international guests next month

RIRA
RINKA €10

Rira's gets fairly thronged at the weekends generally, with Choice Cuts providing quality, scratch-based hip hop once a month. Ex-Scary Eire DJ Mek put on a great show last month and had to be pulled off the decks at the end of the night by the bouncers for refusing to stop playing. A rock orientated night called Rockers revenge also features once a month.

SPIRIT
REVELATION €15

Dublin's flashiest club is also it's tackiest. The crowd is full of assholes, but occasionally some big name DJs turn up to play. Generally not a pleasant place though.x

SPY
BETTY FORD CLINIC €10/ FREE BEFORE 11.30

The Betty Ford Clinic is an expensive nuthouse for celebrities who have nervous breakdowns. Spy is a nightclub where Irish people get drunk. Is there some kind of connection that we're missing? Housey kind of stuff downstairs with Scott MacNaughton, eclectic shit upstairs with some other cunts. Last reviewed October 2002.

SUGAR CLUB
LIVE MUSIC €15

Slightly offbeat live acts play to a crowd of sex-starved trainee solicitors. Then a DJ comes on. Great venue for getting pissed and you'll probably get a seat - pity about everyone else there. April bands: 04 Chicago vs Dublin followed by The Temps 11 Deputy Fuzz and Playground Psychotic followed by Havana Che 25 Comedy and cabaret followed by The Caemenberg Quartet

SWITCH
DELUXE €12/11

Quality deep house night which has Shane Johnson and Greg Dowling playing once a month alongside residents Sean Scully, Padraig Disconaut and Jacqui. Crowds have been up and down but still has the potential to be an excellent night. Last reviewed March 2003.

TBMC
DANCE MUSIC €17/15

Usually a decent enough international DJ backed up with locals. No stated music policy but tends to lean towards techno.

TEMPLE THEATRE
RHYTHM CORPORATION €13/10

Randy black lads chasing after white Irish bitches with a soundtrack of mainstream and underground rnb. Loads of people go, the atmosphere is great, as are the regular UK guests. Check it out if you haven't been to an rnb club before.
Last review September 2002

TEMPLE THEATRE (CRYPT)
BABY BROTHER €12/15 FOR GUESTS

Savage hardcore music from Mark Kavannagh. Dublin's only weekly hard house club.

TIVOLI
I LOVE HOUSE €10/8

Tacky house from 2fm's Conor G, Ronan O and friends. UK superclub Cream limp in on the last Friday of each month with some overpaid has-been guest.

TRAFFIC
MODEL 1 €8

A welcome return to weekly action from Dublin techno posse D1, who attracted an amusingly trendy crowd to their launch. This dark basement venue suits them well, and last month's form suggest that they may rescale the heights reached during the Model 1 residency at Switch. Expect plenty of live performance, the odd bit of electro, and techno that steers clear of the banging nonsense you'll find in a lot of Dublin clubs. Last review February 2002

THE VILLAGE
SOUL FUNK €10

The former Mono is now a smelly rockers club but offers a soul and funk late club tonight as a concession to pissed off clubbers. Review next month.

The Bodytonic Bitches

VOODOO
LO FAT €5

This quayside hip hop night is still attracting a reasonable crowd without necessarily setting the world on fire. Worth dropping in for a pint if you're in the locale.Death Disco, on the last Friday of the month, features rowdy rock and punk DJ-ing from professional cadaver BP Fallon usually with some fossil from the 70s guesting behind the decks Last review March 2002

SATURDAYS

THE BAR
BODYTONIC FREE

Not a great venue for house music - it's little more than a pub, but the music on offer is very good. DJs Tayor, Stephen Flynn, John Mahon and recent Brique Rouge signing Paul Hughes are the main residents. Worth checking out if you're passing by, as it's free. Last review February 2003.

FRAZERS
DOMINION €6

Gathering place for what remains of Dublin's Gothic community. Full-on makeup, mad costumes and bisexuality. Last review October 2002

GAIETY
LATE NIGHT CLUB €12

Similar swaying of unattractive drunk bodies to what you'll find here on a Friday. Open late. Last review October 2002

ISAAC BUTT
PANIC €FREE

The Doors, the Strokes, the Smiths, etc. That's all you need to know about this successful indie night for young students - except that they run a Grove nostalgia night once a month. The Grove was a northside rocker disco in which school kids used to go knacker drinking and taking acid in the park near the place before heading in to try and have sex with the person nearest them. Ring the Isaac Butt for more details if you used to go there. Last review October 2002

SATURDAYS

METROPOLITAN
REFUGE €10

There are rumours surrounding the future of this dnb night in Metropolitan - see our club gossip section for more info. If it goes, it's a pity cause it's one of the best regular club nights in town, with a loyal following and great atmosphere. April guests: 05 Don Rosco, Genie and Ali and Force Nine 12 Psyence and Nomad 19 Keevo, Elmo and Franklin 26 Zero Tolerance, Kenny and Con. Last review February 2003.

Club Gossip
Bitchy McBackstab Returnz

The Irish airwaves have been even shitter than usual of late thanks to the mysterious disappearance of Power FM. For about three months, fans of dance music have had to make do with the unbearable shiteness of stations like Nova, Kiss and 2FM - all horrendous prog and shouty asshole presenters. Apparently Power will be back in business any week now - but that, unfortunately, has been the official line for the last few months.

There is a horrible rumour going around that Bassbin could be out of their new Metropolitan club before too long. Will they be heading back to the skanky Belvedere with cap in hand?

Last month's Music Centre appearance by Shaun Ryder was not a good start for Screamadelica's new celebrity DJ series. Ryder got onstage looking like a fat piece of dogshit and danced around with a pint for a while as some other cunt played all the music. It was eerily reminiscent of Shane MacGowan's recent 'DJ' sets around town - except that Ryder can actually stand up, and he would occasionally grab the mike and shout along to a few old Happy Mondays' numbers.

Some of you may remember the great clubbing.com - a shoddy dance mag aimed at boggers and retards. Well the reason it had such a stupid name was because they also owned a website of the same name, and its discussion board was very popular with inbred clubbers who would come in after a night on the mong and log on to talk E-d out rubbish to each other for a few hours. Since the demise of the magazine, this discussion board has fallen into total anarchy, and it now seems to be the preserve of a crowd of hardcore redneck racists. Bravo!

Young arty types will be delighted to hear that a small new leftfield club is opening up behind the Why Go Bald sign at the bottom of George's St. Operating under a rather ugly moniker (Indigo Yard), it will be run by some chap from the Notting Hill Arts Centre, and will seemingly be featuring an avant garde selection of music and film.

"Had a wicked night out or been to a wild party recently? Why not tell us all about it?!!" Why not fuck off is the only reasonable response to a request like this - especially when it comes from the tackiest TV station in Ireland as they launch their dire new clubbing guide. TV3 have guaranteed that their Guestlist service will be "Ireland's most happening teletext Club listings pages". Even this mild claim is likely to be completely unfulfilled by an organisation that is famous across the world for making a balls of everything.

Who are the rudest bouncers in Dublin? Why? Mail editor@theslate.ie with your vote

POD/REDBOX
AAA €20/15 B4 12

Although the new access all areas feature gives the whole night a chaotic feel and means appalling queues for coats at the end of the night, it still works quite well. Excellent deep house from Billy Scurry, Shane Johson and others in the Pod, funk and more laidback stuff in the Chocolate Bar and big international guests of varying types in the Redbox. Check once off listings for more details. Last review Feb 2003.

RIRA
DOUBLE TROUBLE €10

More of a house thing going on here than usual, with Emma C and Fionn Davenport knocking out obvious enough tunes by the likes of Groove Armada downstairs. Upstairs you'll find Dave Cleary - a DJ with a good sense of how to put his RnB tunes together. One of Ri Ra's busiest nights and a good option if you're planning on going out on the piss. Last review February 2003.

SPIRIT
PROPHESY €20

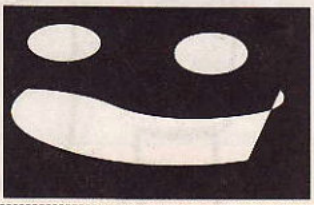
Pretty much the same deal as on Friday here. Hugh Scully has started DJing in the last few month's and seems more capable of stringing his tracks together than the deck donkeys who preceded him on playlist-reading duty. Still not great music, though, but you can't argue with the fact that about 1,500 people seem to be enjoying themselves here. Last review February 2003.

SPY
CRASH €12/FREE BEFORE 11

Not a bad night of mixed music with an unfortunate amount of posers. Quilli and Rocky T Delgado are the main men behind the music. Last review February 2003

SWITCH
TECHNO.IE €14

The former Tuesday night for mad pill gimps with no jobs moves up to Saturday. Joe McGrath and GmcD bash out livid techno. Review next month



TEMPLE THEATRE
ESCAPE €20

Check out our once-off listings for more information on this hard house and trance meeting place for the maddest ravers in Dublin. Jay Pidgeon, Ken Tobin and DJ Orbit support mainly UK and Italian guests. Will include a pre club DJ session- Up Close And Personal - from the Transformer Crew in The Cyrpt next month from 10.30 til 11.30. You'd wonder why they bothered for just the hour?

TIVOLI
INFLUX €16.90

This house and techno club is mainly a guest-orientated night, but has also drawn some big crowds recently when the only names on the bill were those of residents Johnny Moy, Redsettaz and Philth. Part of the draw is almost certainly the fact that it runs on for about an hour after most Dublin clubs have shut. Sometimes features good drum n bass upstairs too. Last review February 2003

TRAFFIC
SOME HOUSE NIGHT €10

Paddy Sheridan whacks out the old handbag tunes upstairs while Ronan O and some other cunts try to figure out how the decks work down in the basement.

TBMC
VARIOUS €12 (TEASE)/VARIES

Generally good techno-oriented music from floating promoters including Rosman, D1, Bassbin and U:Mack. Gay night Tease on the first of every month.

THE VAULTS
URBAN €10

Shit rnb night. Steer clear

THE VILLAGE
SOUL FUNK €10

Same shit as Friday night.

VOODOO
SEVENTH HEAVEN €8

A night of unashamed wallowing in nostalgia with old skool house from Dean Sherry, Anto O'Brien and a whole crowd of lads we can't be bothered listing. Review next month.

SUNDAYS

COYOTE
FRESH 'N' FUNKY FREE B4 12 €8 AFTER

Decent enough rnb and hip hop session, hosted by Stevie G and some other lads who seem to know what they're doing. Last reviewed: September 2002

THE GEORGE
BINGO SUNDAY €7 AFTER 10

The shoddy old Grand Dame of Dublin gay venues hosts a totally camp bingo session with Shirley Temple Bar from those National Lottery ads. DJ Fluffy plays after.

INTERNATIONAL
LAZYBIRD 8PM-11.30PM €4

Excellent club and record label. So far their releases have consisted of live recordings from these early evening gatherings in the International's tiny upstairs room. Music tends to come from reasonably well-known performers from Dublin's underground scene - often at the electronica end of things. April guests: 13th - Mad Pooka; 20th - Live Hip-Hop Night; 27th - ESB

RIRA
THE LAST STRAW €FREE

Usual Ri Ra medley with regular poetry readings from the County Kildare Citizen Traveller group. Actually Rira isn't open at all - just the Globe, and until 1am only.

SPY
SUNDAY @ SPY €FREE

Recent totalitarian activity on behalf of our great boys in blue have seen the usual Hilton Edwards night replaced by Martin McCann playing tunes 'til whenever he's told to pack it in. It was shit anyway, no loss. Last reviewed February 2002.

SUGAR CLUB
THE BITTER END €10

Fuck. We didn't make it up here yet again. Someday friends.

SWITCH
FOOT FETISH €8/6 AFTER 11

The Gardai are doing their best to close this rocking Sunday session down. See page 18 for more details. Tonie Walsh, Sean Hand, Jason Bongo Williams and Beverly the Sax players lay on the sounds.
Last review February 2002

TRAFFIC
NYLON €8

New night from the lads who used to run Monkey Tennis in the Thomas House and then Nylon in Wax. DJs include Arveene, Trixton and Nic James.

DJ Bar Listings

4 DAME LANE
DAME LANE, D2

Monday: Boogaloo (Mikey upstairs, Gerry Molumbi downstairs)
Tuesday: Lizard Lounge (Conor irwin Upstairs, Aoife Ni Canna downstairs)
Wednesday: Murandishi (Darragh skelton upstairs, guests downstairs)
Thursday: El Barrio (Pat McMellow and Gerry Molumbi)
Friday: Aidan Kelly upstairs, Darragh Skelton downstairs
Saturday: DJ Nick upstairs, Gerry Molumbi downstairs
Sunday: The Workers Party (Aidan Kelly and Dandelion)

THE BAR
THE LEGAL EAGLE, THE 4 COURTS

Friday: Replay (retro house with Dean Sherry, Anto O'Brien and Keith Sheridan)
Saturday: Bodytonic and Discotonic (deep house and disco with Tayto and guests)

BODKINS
BOLTON ST, D1

Wednesday: The Music Club (Singer/Songwriters)
Thursday: Cut 'n' Paste (scratch hip-hop)
Friday: Bleep (Decal and guests - electronica)
Saturday: Let Loose / Electrocuted (electro & techno)
Sunday: Easy listening Vinyl in assoc. with PhantomFM /Psychonavigation records. (Keith Downey and guests - Chill out)

THOMAS HOUSE
THOMAS ST., D8

Friday: Downstairs - Culture Clinic (Ram and Matt Lock - reggae). Upstairs - Studio B (dnb and dancehall with Bee)
Saturday: Monkey Tennis with Capsule upstairs alternate with Tiramisu (eclectic)
Thursday: Spin Cycle (eclectic)

DICE BAR
BENBURB ST, D7

Fri: Hells Kitchen with Pete Pamf and Claire plus northern soul DJ from 5-9
Mon: Country Music
Tues: French hip-hop (DJ Charlie)
Sat: Promised Land with Poppie or Tarquin plus northern soul DJ from 5-9
Sun: Poison (DJ Ram - reggae)
Thurs: Mr Soft and Daniel - (northern soul)
Wed: Singer-songwriter night

GRAYS
NEWMARKET SQUARE, THE COOMBE

Friday: Monkey Tennis, the Alphabet St & Thomas The Skank Engine all alternate.
Sunday: Snuggle (eclectic monthly night)

HANDEL'S
CHRISTCHURCH, D2

Tuesday: Joy (soul sister - classic soul jazz funk
Wednesday: Open Deck
Thursday: Rocky T Delgado (hip-hop, rnb)
Friday: Rohan (mixed bag) and Edisons Medicine
Saturday: Thierry, Gordon Maher and Phil T Frog (funky house)
Sunday: Philter feat. Colin and Steve (deep grooves, soul, funk)

HOGANS
GEORGES ST, D2

Friday: Nello Romano (house)
Saturday: Eddie Eustace and Dan (eclectic)
Sunday: Eddie Eustance, Mr Moto and and whole load of other chaps (house-ish)

GUBU
CAPEL ST, D1

Tuesday: The Company (live jazz)
Wednesday: Busty's G-Spot (cabaret)
Thursday: The Craic House (comedy)
Friday: Kajagubu (Mark Kelly - 80's night)
Sunday: Jazz Action (Live jazz band from 5-7, 8pm Marion doing tarot readings)

HOGANS
GEORGES ST, D2

Friday: Nello Romano (house)
Saturday: Eddie Eustace & Dan (eclectic)
Sunday: Eddie Eustace & Nello and Mr Moto (house)

IFSC
GEORGES ST, D2

Sunday: Excise (chillout with Dave Cairns)

ODEON
HARCOURT ST, D2

Sunday: Jazz (live band followed by DJ)

MOLLOYS
CHRISTCHURCH

Tuesday: Alphabet Set (experimental, hip-hop)
Wednesday: Singer-songwriter night
Thursday: DJs Karla and Aoife
Friday: Babylon Club (dnb downstairs)
Saturday: Feedback: Gedge and Gint (house music) plus Alphabet Set, first of every month
Sunday: Acoustic Freedom (live bands)

SOLAS
WEXFORD ST, D2

Monday: Freestyle (Barstaff DJs - funk, hip-hop, soul, disco)
Tuesday: ENO (hip-hop, funk)
Wednesday: Aoife Nic Canna (rnb)
Thursday: Pete Panf (hip hop)
Friday: Fionn Davenport (funk, hip hop)
Saturday: Morgan (eclectic)
Sunday: Mark Kelly (funk)

VIVA
SOUTH WILLIAM ST, D2

Friday: DJ Steve (commercial)
Saturday: Ben Carvosso (house)
Sunday: Ben Carvosso (house)
Thursday: DJ Simon F and Tac-Tic (beats & breaks)

THE PROJECT ARTS CENTRE
ESSEX ST, D1

Friday: Jason O'Callaghan (soul, funk)
Saturday: Sean Scully and Padraig Disconaut (deep house)

Cinema

25TH HOUR

DIRECTOR: SPIKE LEE
STARRING: EDWARD NORTON, PHILIP SEYMOUR HOFFMAN

It seems that in 2003 - the Year Of The Big Film - it's not enough to distract your audience from their miserable lives for 90 minutes with some choice nudity, bloodshed or a few laughs - you must enlighten them, educate them or at least make them work their lazy brains to keep up.
Before 10 minutes of the 25th Hour has gone by, we're treated to an extensive visual contemplation of the Twin Towers beams, accompanied by solemn strings. So initially it's a slight let down to discover after all this meaningful carry-on that the film is actually about a deadbeat drug dealer, Monty Brogan (Norton), who gets is about to go down for seven years.
Still, once it gets going and stops fucking around trying to broaden everyone's minds for them, The 25th Hour emerges as an outstanding film. It documents Monty's last night of freedom - meeting his mates for a knees-up, squaring things with his missus (Rosario Dawson), settling old scores and crucially, trying to find out who ratted him in. This mightn't sound very exciting but - thanks to the top class acting, script and pace - it works
Barry Pepper shines as Monty's disgusting yuppie mate, but Phillip Seymour Hoffman - who's on fire this year - outclasses them all as a nerdy English teacher lusting after a student (Anna Paquin's pill-boshing nymph). Monty's 'fuck New York' mirror monologue should go down as one of the best single scenes in recent times and who cares that all the 9/11 shit amounts to posturing in the end - this is still an unmissable film.

Edward Norton warms up for his part in 25th hour by pretending to be a statue of Patrick Kavannagh

THE CORE

DIRECTOR: PETER HYAMS, JOHN AMEIL
STARRING: AARON ECKHART, HILARY SWANK, DELROY LINDO, STANLEY TUCCI

You could probably get to the Earth's fucking core in less time than it takes to reach the end of this rather long film. Josh Wakes (Eckhart) is a jaunty college professor, always ready with a joke and a cute story to demonstrate to his pupils the unimaginable boredom of geo-physics. Jaunty that is until the FBI scull him in to explain some recent seismic activity that has lead to horrific disasters worldwide. Turns out the Earth's core is fucked up to fuck and we're all going to die. Wakes joins a crack team who head off down there into the middle of the world (in what looks like a hi-tech baguette) to sort it out. The Core is a rollicking good disaster romp with pleasing shades of big, silly 70s movies like Superman and Rollercoaster and Eckhart proves that if you're handsome and buffed enough you can become an astronaut, nuclear scientist and military mastermind in no time.

DUBLIN INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL - AN ARTIST'S VIEW

MOST OF the frothy babble surrounding last month's Festival centred on the big swinging mickey mega-budget films like The Life Of David Gale, Frida, The Recruit and Confessions Of A Dangerous Mind and how exclusive they all were to the festival. But as most of them were coming out in March and April anyway, you would have read all about them in the last issue of your trusty, ahead-of-the-crowd Slate, so there's no point in boring you with the details again.

Less talked about was the New International Cinema section, where films by Johnny Foreigner were held up for the puritanical gaze of clean living Irish people. Late Marriage is an Israeli film making lots of friends at various festivals worldwide due to its funny script and great performances. For the intellectuals out there, the film deals with the rights and wrongs of arranged marriage, as told by reluctant groom-to-be Zaza (Lion Ashkenazi). For everyone else, there's a half an hour-long sex scene to keep us happy. All the sex in the world couldn't make O Fantasmo worth a second viewing - a stupid Portuguese film about a vaguely retarded gay boy stalking a young swimmer. The overbearingly male audience may have grunted and snuffled their way through the copious bumming scenes but there was no mistaking the booing at the end. Make sure and live your life without seeing this film.
Nearly as bad was Nowhere In Africa, a gently insignificant tale of some Jewish dude and his family's journey across Africa in the 30s. On running out of steam after an hour, the film dawdled unforgivably over the jungle scenery.

Meanwhile, the Irish Premieres section sent our boys out to bat. While Dead Bodies (see elsewhere in Cinema) was a close-but-no-hypodermic needle attempt at an Irish Trainspotting or Shallow Grave, the two Irish shorts before it - Confessions Of An Acid Eater and No No No - were fantastic, lending weight to the notion that all Irish films should be less than 15 minutes. The quality continued with Boxed, a violent and depressing story of a paramilitary execution gone wrong when a local priest gets involved. Gripping, but not for the faint-hearted or for those who hate nordies.

Pigs Will Fly is a jolly tale of domestic violence and abuse starring Andreas Schmidt as Laxe, the man who beats his wife because he loves her. Dublin director Eoin Moore builds up tremendous tension before the violent scenes and the overall result is worthy of Mike Leigh. Sadly, our side was let down considerably by Thaddeus O'Sullivan's fucking tragic The Heart Of Me, a shiny brown gem featuring pan-faced toff Helena Bonham Carter (right) and a few interchangable luvvies in some kind of love triangle. If the Dublin International Film Festival is going to be full of that kind of shite next year, they should ditch Jameson and get sponsored by Senokot.

Anyone for some Senokot?

THE IFC IN APRIL

WHETHER YOU'RE suffering blockbuster fatigue and fancy some arty, foreign carry on or you just want to be able to get pissed afterwards without the effort of walking to the nearest pub, the Irish Film Centre is your man. Kicking off the month is Personal Velocity, directed by Rebecca Miller (Daniel Day Lewis's missus and daughter of famous playwright Arthur). The title may sound like some crappy power-movie involving Ben Affleck saving a train from a nuclear bomb, but it's actually a smart indie chick-flick. Taking the form of three short stories, each about the upheavals of a different woman (the women are played by Fairuza Balk, Kyra Sedgewick and Parker Posey), both script and acting are excellent, despite the odd men/sex/power/nasty cliché. The same can't be said for Intacto which is a royal pile of Spanish shit. Stretching the bare notion of 'luck is an elusive fucker' across the grinding tedium of a full-length film, even the presence of Ming The Merciless from Flash Gordon (Max Von Sydow) can't save it. Just a bunch of rich arseholes playing games with each other's destinies, the only thing satisfying about it is watching them all die by the end. Open Hearts takes one dysfunctional family, one philandering husband (Mads Mikkelsen) and one car accident, adds a sprinkle of paralysis, some peculiar Scandinavian humour and voila! - a blackly funny piece of work that avoids any kind of Hollywood Boyfriend-In-A-Coma pitfalls.

Lilya 4 Ever is a drab Nordic tale of pain and the liberation from pain, which is definitely painful but not very liberating.

The drab Nordies about to kill themselves in Lilya

Lilya's mother - a Russian prostitute - splits to America with her new man and leaves the poor girl to carry on the family business, resulting in the inevitable suicide after 105 minutes of misery. This is the Swedish entry to the Oscars - God love them.

JUNGLE BOOK 2

DIRECTOR: STEVE TRENBIRTH
STARRING: HALEY JOEL OSMANT, JOHN GOODMAN (VOICES)

Walt Disney's finest hour was almost certainly The Jungle Book - his 1967 swansong. No other animated feature before or since managed to pull off the same blend of comedy, mischief, and innovation. Without that original to pave its way, this film would have been binned in less time than it takes to say Grease 2. The story starts with mancub Mowgli leaving the jungle to live with his surrogate family across the river. Shere Khan the tiger is itching to give him a good bateing and selfish Baloo tries to kidnap Mowgli and bring him back to the jungle. You forget the new songs before they're even finished and, shamefully enough, Bare Necessities makes no less than three appearances.

THE LIFE OF DAVID GALE

DIRECTOR: ALAN PARKER
STARRING: KEVIN SPACEY, KATE WINSLET

If Alan Parker was trying to do the anti-execution lobby any favours with this film, they won't be falling over themselves to thank him as, by the end of it, they have about as much credibility as Youth Defence. Kevin Spacey plays David Gale, a Texas professor and dedicated anti-death penalty campaigner who finds himself on death row for the rape and murder of his fellow campaigner Constance Hinney (Laura Linney). He requests an interview from battleaxe journalist Bitsey Bloom (Winslet) four days before his execution, during which she discovers he may have been framed. Spacey is effortlessly the best thing about the film, bringing real credibility to the role of egotistical manchild Gale. Realising that the only good bits are the ones where he's on screen, the filmmakers have thoughtfully blocked his part into flashbacks, so you can go out for a smoke in between.

SHANGHAI KNIGHTS

DIRECTOR: DAVID DOBKIN
STARRING: JACKIE CHAN, OWEN WILSON

If whistling while Baghdad burns is your chosen method of dealing with the current global crisis, then Jackie Chan's got just the tune for you. Set in 1920s London - so it can't possibly remind you of what's going on outside the cinema - Shanghai Knights is a glorious bit of rubbish from the duo that brought you Shanghai Noon. Chon Wang (Chan) tracks down his slippery buddy Roy O'Bannon (Wilson) and persuades him to sign up for another mission. This time, the two are off to England to find the man who killed John's father, avenge his murder and rescue some piece of shit or other that was stolen. The plot doesn't matter - what counts is the entertaining blend of broad American slapstick and hammy Chinese theatre, Chan's extraordinary physical ballet and one hot chick (Fann Wong as Wang's feisty sister). There's definitely worse ways of spending a tenner than forgetting about it all in front of this.

DEAD BODIES

DIRECTOR: ROBERT QUINN
STARRING: ANDREW SCOTT, KELLY REILLY

Right from the word go, Dead Bodies seems to be trying to pitch itself as an Irish version of something like Shallow Grave or Human Traffic. The problem is that the script stinks worse than Rik Waller on a treadmill. And the characters seem to be written (with the exception of D4 dragon Jean) by someone who lives in an old folks home and whose only contact with young Dubliners is watching Fair City. The plot basics are that Tommy (Scott) has a nice little life until his thundering bitch of an ex, Jean (Katie Kearns) turns up on his doorstep. One day she pushes him too far and it's all downhill from there. There's no denying that the film gathers pace and suspense after about an hour, especially as the older actors (Sean McGinley and Gerard 'Father Todd Unctuous' MacSorley) move in, but ultimately the excruciating pop-culture scenes and 'yoof movie' posing ruin it. Both the actors and director (this is Dubliner Robert Quinn's first full-length debut) are promising, but no amount of flag-waving can put this film up with the kind of company it aspires to.

THE
- ADMISSION €13 - CONCESSION €10
KEVIN GILDEAS
ONE GUITARIST ONE DRUMMER ONE COMEDIAN
"TRULY EXCELLENT COMEDY" THE SLATE
WHELANS 8 PM
SUNDAY 6TH 13TH & 20TH APRIL
SPECIAL GUESTS INCLUDE MARK DOHERTY DAVID MCSAVAGE ANNE GILDEA AND MORE

AUTECHRE
DRAFT 7.30
WARP

Rob Brown and Sean Booth's seventh LP comes at an interesting point in both their history and that of Warp Records, and for many will be one of the key musical point of the year. The significance of this release has been underlined by the fact that only cassette promo copies have been issued to the press, presumably as a guard against duplication but perhaps also as a deliberate sound control exercise. It is, nonetheless a bizarre and somewhat paranoid move, even by the unconventional standards of the famous Sheffield label. In any case, Draft 7.30 may be seen as Autechre's most accessible piece for some time, particularly by comparison with it's extreme predecessor, Confield. As with most of their work, it revolves around its attention to detail, its resistance to formula and as ever Autechre's pushing of possibilities. While there is plenty of variance on the album, from the vintage electronic rolling of 6IE CR and P:NTL, the mangled keys of TAPR to the slickly drummed hip hop-ish V-PROC, there is a certain cohesion there which is crucial. At times it feels like a live electronic jam, but what really marks this out as a successful album is the balance achieved between Confield-style chaos and the more ordered use of rhythm and melody. This is not a beautiful place in the country, this is a pocket of urban, mechanical resistance.

THE WHITE STRIPES
ELEPHANT
XL

The fact that the White Stripes' fourth album arrived on vinyl-only promo did not immediately endear it to us. The two hours it took to burn its 14 tracks onto a CD (with convenience, ironically, as the only motive) was enough time to reflect on the preciousness that is the band's least attractive trait. But once it kicks off there's no time for such quibbling. Elephant is an aural juggernaut that confirms Jack White's marriage of punk and blues as the most fertile vein yet tapped in 21st century rock. He comes across at times like Dylan and Led Zeppelin rolled into one - his every grunt seeming authoritative - and yet, pared down to just his guitar and Meg's flawless drumming, the songs never sound jaded. Elephant doesn't depart dramatically from its predecessors (in fact the riff from Dead Leaves And The Dirty Ground makes at least one reappearance), and the finale with Holly Golightly is pretty incongruous in light of what's gone before. Yet you get the impression that this is all exactly as it should be.

The Warlocks - can't get enough of the bad drugs

THE MOLD Y PEACHES
UNRELEASED CUTZ AND LIVE JAMS 1994 - 2002
ROUGH TRADE

Anyone who caught the Strokes Irish debut in the Temple Bar Music Centre will surely remember their eccentric support act the Moldy Peaches. Adam and Kimya performed a set of infantile anti-folk songs that night, dressed as Robin Hood and the Easter Bunny respectively. The most pertinent question then was whether they were taking the fucking piss or what. Two years on, that scarcely matters. Unreleased Cutz... runs to an unnecessarily comprehensive 55 tracks. There are woefully inferior versions of their best-known songs (the annoyingly catchy Who's Got The Crack?, the eerily prophetic N.Y.C.'s A Graveyard and the poignant Nothing Came Out - still their finest moment.) There are desperately unfunny covers (Two Princes by the Spin Doctors and I Wanna Be A Hulkamaniac by Hulk Hogan - we kid you not.) And there are 50 other pieces of crap we listened to so you don't have to. Words cannot express how bad this album is.

THE WARLOCKS
PHOENIX 162
CITY ROCKERS

Whatever else you might accuse the Warlocks of (opportunism and a lack of originality spring to mind) you couldn't say that they glamorise drugs. Phoenix 162 doesn't so much rise from the flames as awaken from a smack-induced coma and throw a few drone-rock shapes before drowning in a swamp of feedback. The pounding opener, Shake The Dope Out, and the 14-minute closer, Oh Shadie, are appropriately Velvet Underground-esque. But most of the songs in between sound like incompetent covers of Spiritualized's I Think I'm In Love. (In fact Sonic Boom from Jason Pierce's old band Spaceman 3 performs on several of them.) Most memorable are singer Bobby Hecksher's Shaun Ryder impersonation on (NME single of the week) Hurricane Heart Attack and the drummer belatedly waking up on Baby Blue (which also features - shock! - a tune.) It all sounds about as appealing at first as the bad drugs that went into making it, but it does possess a certain slow-burning appeal.

woodstar
album 'life sparks' instore april 4th 2003

"intimate, woozy, creaking fuzzed-out tales"
-NME

"do it better than anyone else ... intelligent, dreamy lyrics ... you got to hear this"
-Hotpress Magazine

woodstar launch their album at
whelans
dublin
friday april 4

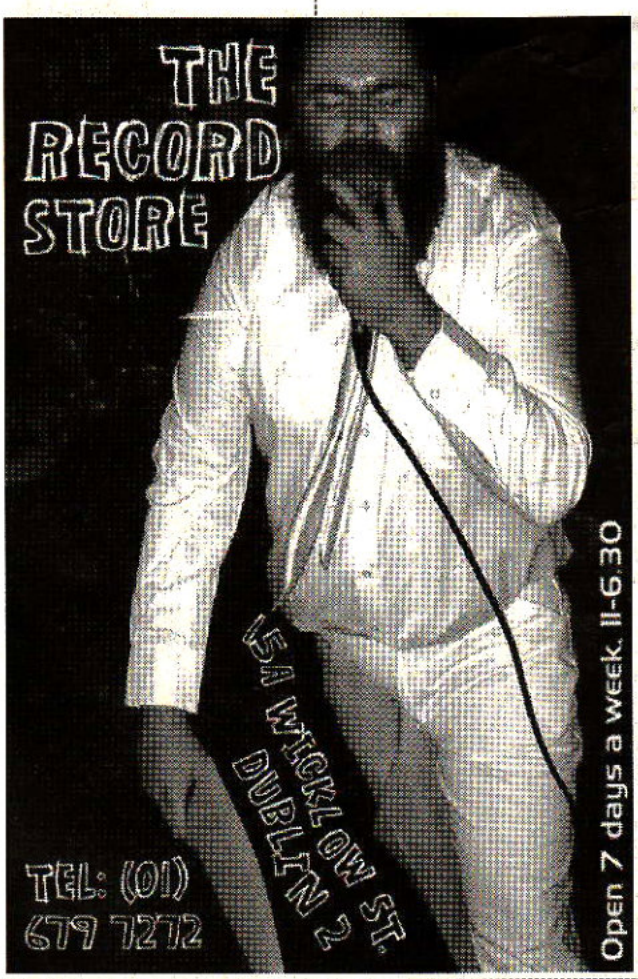
www.woodstar.ie

THROWING MUSES
THROWING MUSES
4AD

Expectations were high for this album, the Muses' first back together after Kristin Hersh broke up the band several years ago. Firstly, they're back on 4AD, the label which signed them in 1986 and on which they arguably did their best work. And secondly, the album sees the return of 'prodigal Muse' Tanya Donnelly (even if she only provides backing vocals). A rebirth of sorts, then, and perhaps the reason this album shares its title with that of the Muses' debut. However, instead of using the opportunity to return to their roots or explore new territory, the Muses have just picked up where they left off. Most of these songs would have fitted onto Red Heaven or University (or, in the case of Portia, onto a Breeders album). Not a bad thing, as those were both perfectly good albums, but given the circumstances, Throwing Muses is a bit disappointing.

THE GO-BETWEENS
BRIGHT YELLOW BRIGHT ORANGE
CIRCUS RECORDS

Bright Yellow Bright Orange has already received some rave reviews. Indeed some moron from Cosmopolitan (who's obviously never heard of the Beatles) is quoted on the cover declaring Australians to be "the founding fathers of guitar pop." But it is hard to escape the suspicion that if it were the work of a couple of young up-and-comers, rather than the latest album from respected indie elder statesmen Robert Forster and Grant McLennan, its authors would be directed in no uncertain terms back to the drawing board. Long-time fans of the band will be delighted with this album, not least because its title includes the double-L that has been a feature of all their records, bar the heretical Friends Of Rachel Worth (2000.) But its truly engaging moments (on songs like Caroline and I and Crooked Lines) are too few and far between. Older albums from their back catalogue like Before Hollywood and Talluah are a much better bet for the uninitiated.

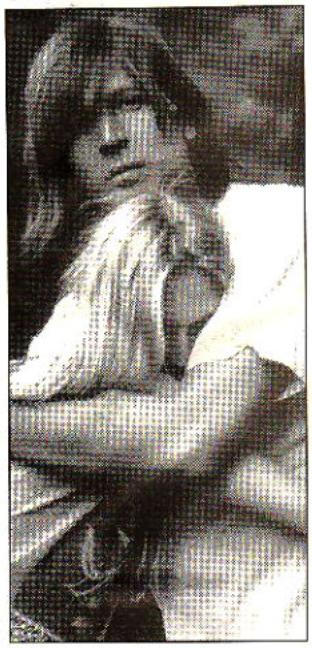


MUMBLIN' DEAF RO
SENOR, MY FRIEND
VILLIAN

This must be one of the least heralded Irish albums to come along in a while. But it abounds with so much wit, invention and humility that it is also one of the most likeable. Ronan Hession's most impressive achievement on this, his self-financed debut, is how he turns the album's low budget into its most attractive selling point. These wistful songs of white-collar ennui might hint at influences as disparate as the Kinks and the High Llamas but the novice production ensures Hession never sounds like anyone but himself. And despite the folk and blues trappings there is a keen pop sensibility at work on highlights like Keep The Line Moving, Can't Help Fading To Grey and What's That Sound? "There's a million guys like myself, doing one thing when their heart is somewhere else," he muses at one point. Rarely has their frustration been so sympathetically articulated.

EVAN DANDO
BABY I'M BORED
SETANTA

A decade into his mission to have a good time all the time and Evan Dando is bored. If only he were Keith Richard he'd have been hailed as a medical miracle with a heroic capacity for hell-raising. But, with just a couple of grunge-lite hit albums under his belt, the former Lemonhead has long since been written off as a drug casualty and a buffoon. On this, his first album since the Lemonheads pitiable swansong Car Button Cloth (1996) a Lazarus-like return to form is neither expected nor delivered. But with contributions from members of Giant Sand and Calexico, as well as long-time collaborator Ben Lee, the fare is never less than competent. There are moments of half-hearted remorse and repentance, but this is mostly business as usual. It Looks Like You is identikit Gram Parsons with a breezy Lemonheads chorus on top, while Waking Up is bog standard Lemonheads with another breezy Lemonheads chorus to sweeten the pill. Album closer In The Grass All Wine-Coloured is a warm and optimistic glimpse of the world Evan Dando has for so long inhabited and it's the best thing on here.



Evan We're Bored

YO LA TENGO
SUMMER SUN
MATADOR

One might be initially sceptical of a group of musicians who hail from the same town as Frank Sinatra, but as most people will be aware, Hoboken's Yo La Tengo sound nothing like that smarmy asshole. Since the band appeared in the early 90s, they have remained one of the most consistent acts on the alternative music scene. On their last LP, And Then Nothing Turned Itself Inside Out, their music was getting noticeably quieter, and this record is devoid of any of the roaring guitars that punctuated the melancholy in the way that Cherry Chapstick did. As a result, the tone is more contemplative, and the summer sun fails to permeate some of the darker corners of the record. Still, the band maintains its sense of humour throughout, and revisits its poppier moments with Season of the Shark and Little Eyes. Elsewhere, the orchestration is nicely subtle, with quiet saxophones and muted trumpets continuing many of the jazz infections that made their last album such a classic. Well recommended.